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1750-1920

by

C. S. S. HIGHAM, M.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THESE stories aim at telling, in simple style, something of the great changes which have taken place in social conditions during the last two centuries. The first chapter sketches the background against which the rest of the stories are told. The stories themselves are arranged roughly in chronological order, though of necessity there is much overlapping.

In the stories the stress is not laid on material change, and those chapters which do deal with such material improvements as the Turnpike Roads, the Lighthouses, and the Penny Post, do so from a social rather than from an economic point of view. The main emphasis is rather on the development of moral ideas, and the resultant changes, either in law, as in the case of the Abolition of Slavery, or else in custom, as is seen in the growth of the nursing services under the inspiration of Florence Nightingale.

Whenever possible the story is built round the name of the man or woman who led the movement, and to bring the point home, attempts are made to contrast the times described with modern conditions. Throughout the early part of the book attention is focussed on purely British heroes and heroines, but towards the end the interest is broadened to include tales of Livingstone's work in Africa, of Andrew

Carnegie and his libraries, and lastly, of the founding of the League of Nations.

It is hoped that these little sketches may awaken interest in the different people who served their generation faithfully, in such diverse ways, and thus form an introduction to an important and fascinating, but often neglected, aspect of modern history.

In a small book of this sort lengthy acknowledgments would be out of place. I am, of course, indebted to the standard works, but I must specially acknowledge my debt to the following books:—

S. & B. Webb, *English Local Government. The Story of the King's Highway*. (Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.) R. Coupland, *Wilberforce*. (Oxford University Press.) Graham Wallas, *The Life of Francis Place*. (Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.) H. B. Binns, *A Century of Education*. (Cambridge University Press.) R. D. Roberts, *Education in the Nineteenth Century*. (Cambridge University Press.) *The Story of the Life-boat*. (Published by The Royal National Life-boat Institution.) G. M. Trevelyan, *The Life of John Bright*. (Constable.) J. L. & B. Hammond, *Lord Shaftesbury*. (Constable.) C. R. Fay, *Life and Labour in the Nineteenth Century*. (Cambridge University Press.) G. Gollock, *Eminent Africans*. (Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.) A. Carnegie, *Autobiography*. (Constable.)

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WHERE YOU CAN SEE THINGS

LIGHTHOUSES and LIFE-BOATS can often be seen at the seaside. Models of lighthouses and lightships are in the Science Museum (South Kensington), life-boat models are there also, and at the Royal National Life-boat Institution (Charing Cross Road), and at the National Maritime Museum (Greenwich).

ROADS—Roadmaking anywhere; the Science Museum has models of roads and bridges, and different sorts of carriages, as well as a real stage-coach, and early bicycles and motor cars. Old toll-houses can still be recognised on many roads.

SLAVERY—Wilberforce Museum, Hull, housed in Wilberforce's old home in the High Street.

THE PRISONS—The London Museum has the old doors of Newgate, and some cells from another old London prison.

SCHOOLS—The F. Hockliffe Collection of Children's Books, at the Training College, Bedford, is worth seeing.

PENNY POSTAGE—Mulready Envelope, and early stamps at the British Museum. *Tapling Collection* (Nos. 314, 1116)

CO-OPERATION—Holyoake House, Manchester (headquarters of Co-operative Union Ltd), has documents and pictures relating to Owen and Rochdale Pioneers. The Union has now purchased the original premises in Toad Lane, Rochdale, which will be turned into a co-operative museum.

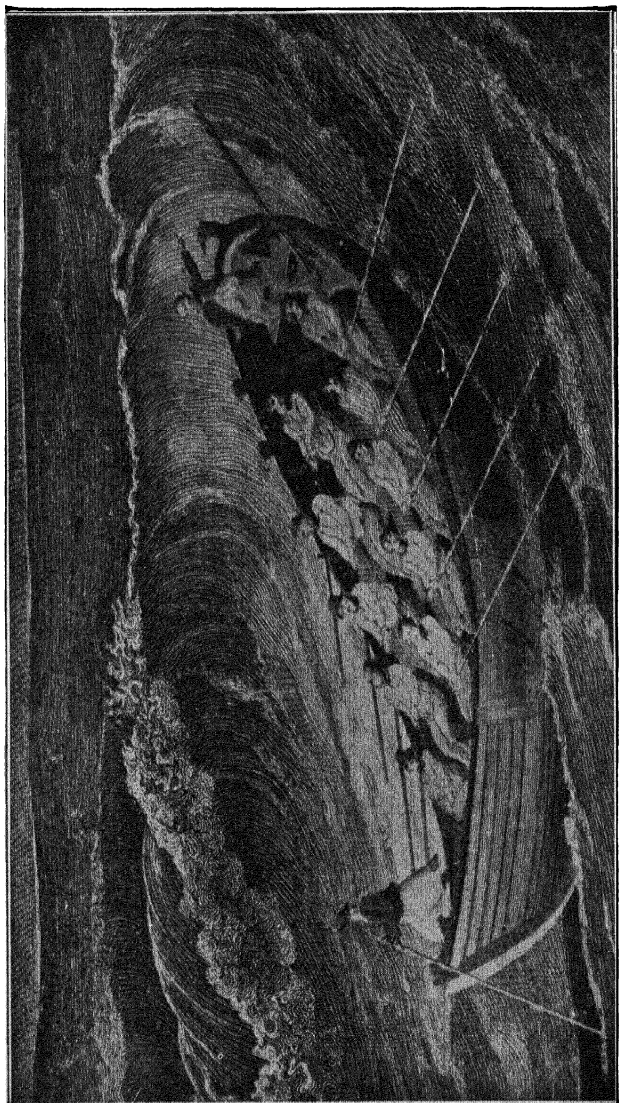
CHEAP BREAD.—Dunford House, near Midhurst, Sussex, Cobden's old home, is now preserved as a memorial to him, and has many interesting relics.

AFRICA.—The Imperial Institute (South Kensington) has African collections and a series of lighted models which show the nature of the country very vividly. There is also a Livingstone Museum at Blantyre, Scotland.

CITY BEAUTIFUL.—Slums in any city, "corporation estates" in most. Model villages, *e.g.* Bournville, Port Sunlight, Welwyn Garden City, etc. Lighted models of Old London in the basement of the London Museum.

BOOKS—Every town has a library; old libraries, Bodleian at Oxford, Chetham Library at Manchester, and Magdalene College, Cambridge (where Pepys' books and diary are kept on their original shelves).

PORTRAITS of most of the people described in this book are in the National Portrait Gallery, **LETTERS** of some may be seen in the British Museum.



THE "ORIGINAL."
This was the first life-boat ever built.

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

PROLOGUE

THE story of History is the story of changing times. There is a well-known proverb which says, "Happy is the country which has no history." This means that a country which has no violent changes, no wars, nor sudden inventions to upset the peaceful living of its people, is indeed happy.

In the far-distant past when men knew little of the arts and crafts, and lived with skins upon their backs, and nothing but stone implements to help them in their work, things changed but slowly. It is true that these people lived and loved, and fought and died, as people did in later times. Yet it took hundreds and even thousands of years for them to change the shape of their tools, to discover the way to cultivate the ground and to make cloth for dresses, to weave baskets and to make pottery.

We know very little about them, for they could not write, and so no written records of these changes have come down to us. We only know of how they lived and died from the remains of their tools and pottery, and the bones from their dinners, which we find still hidden away in the caves where they used to live, or buried in the ruins of their old villages. So we speak of these times as pre-historic ; they are the times before History.

As man developed, and as he learned to use the forge, and to make tools and weapons of bronze and then of iron, so he gradually began to make more use of Nature. When he learnt at last to write by carving signs on stones, or making marks on soft clay tablets and then baking them, or even by writing with ink on paper or papyrus, he left us the written record of his doings.

Thus History as we know it began, and we can trace the many changes as they took place. We know the names of kings and great priests, we hear of huge armies and their conquests, and of sieges of towns, and terrible disasters, such as famines and floods. Yet we know only little of the common people and how they lived and what they thought. But when we come to the bright civilisation of Greek and Roman times, we know a great deal more. For these peoples were great thinkers and writers, and we have preserved for us copies of very many of their books. In some ways we feel more in touch with these people and their history than we do with any other peoples, until the days, more than a thousand years later, when printing was invented.

For us in England the story of our country starts with the coming of the Romans, and after they had left our land we hear of one invasion after another, until the day when Norman William made himself king of England. After that we know the story of the kings and their wars in England, France, and Scotland, and later their struggle with Parliament, and the growth of the British nation. Through all this long story of English history we usually think but little of the English people; we pay most

attention to the king and his government, to what is called Political History.

Yet nowadays we are becoming more and more interested in another side of the story. We want to know how the people lived and worked, how they made their goods, and how they bought and sold them, how they travelled, how they were clothed, and what they ate and drank. This we call Social or Economic History, and if we ask why it is so much the fashion to-day, the answer is quite clear. To-day there are so many difficult problems in our social life, in the crowded homes of the working people, and in the factories and workshops, that every one wants to study the past to see how these difficulties arose. Then they hope they may be better able to find the answer to the problems.

There is one strange thing which we must notice. The changes in the everyday life of the ordinary people in England for a thousand years or more were very slight in comparison with the changes which have taken place in the last two hundred years or so. After all, a couple of hundred years ago people travelled afoot or on horseback, or possibly in a coach, along roads many of which had been built by the Romans, and they travelled not much faster than people did in Roman times. To-day we have trains and motors, trams and buses, steamships, and even the aeroplane.

In the country village two centuries ago, the local farmer ploughed his fields and reaped his corn much as he had done for many centuries. His clothes were spun and woven by his goodwife from home-grown wool, or made in a neighbouring

cottage on a hand-loom, such as had been in use time out of mind. To-day he wears a cotton shirt made in a Lancashire factory from cotton grown across the seas in the United States. He sends his milk in metal churns to the London dairy combine, and manures his fields with chemicals brought from distant South America. At night he sits listening with his wireless to music played a hundred miles or more away.

These are just samples of the many changes which we see all about us. It is in the last two hundred years that the greatest changes have taken place, though their causes stretch far into the past. But in these two centuries the whole life of England was completely changed. If you stroll through an English village to-day you will see the little group of cottages, with a shop or two and the school, grouped around the church. Far out beyond, the land is divided into many different fields by ordered lines of well-kept hedge and ditch. Here and there lie the groups of farm buildings where live the farmers in the middle of their fields, cultivating their land each as he thinks best.

In the past it would have been very different ; no small, separate fields, no hedges, but instead a vast number of narrow strips of land divided by little ridges, and arranged in three great open fields. Here almost every man in the village would have his share of the land, some with many strips and some with few. All would have to grow the same crops at the same time, and each would have to help the other in seed-time and in harvest. The great change which concentrated each man's strips

into a single holding (often divided into several small fields) we call the "Enclosure Movement." It did something else as well; it made the poor man who had only a few strips give up his land, for he could not cultivate them profitably in the new way. So most of the villagers lost their land, and became agricultural labourers, working on other men's farms for wages, instead of cultivating their own land. This change had been going on for a long time, but it was practically completed about a hundred years ago.

Another important change occurred in the towns. If you take a tram from the centre of any big city in the North of England, you will pass through crowded streets full of lorries bringing goods to and from the factories. Beneath factories with lighted windows floor above floor you go, and further out the train rattles past high tenements or row after row of mean streets, where scores of families live, often each in a single room.

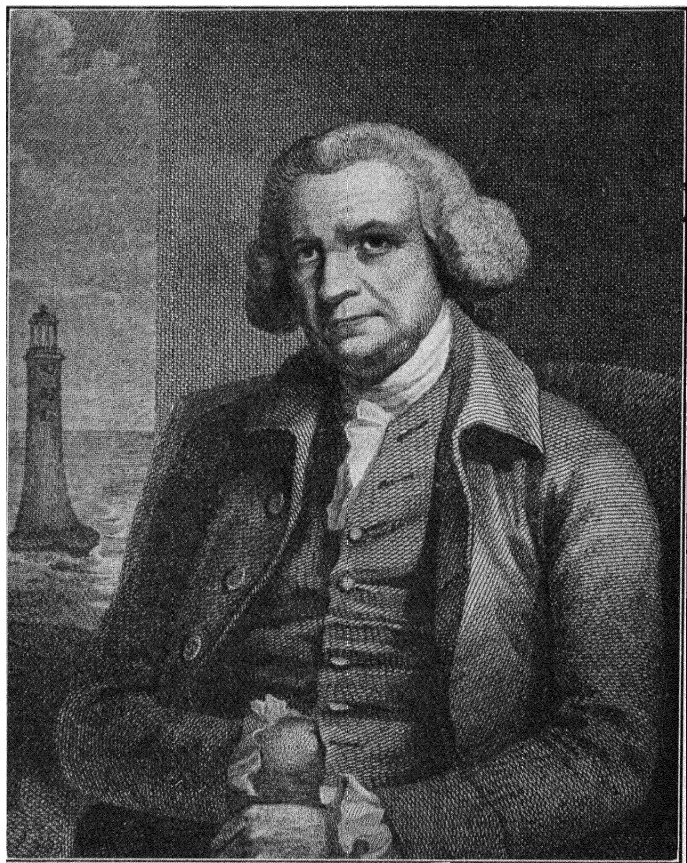
Such towns did not exist two hundred years ago. Then there were few big towns in England at all, and many towns had still some fields belonging to the townsmen, who were often partly farmers. There were no great factories, for wool was spun and cloth was woven in the country cottages or the small homes of the towns. Almost everything else, boots and shoes, pots and pans, chairs and tables, brushes or candles, were made by small masters working with a few apprentices, who might in turn hope to become masters themselves. And things were usually sold direct to the customer by the man who made them; there were no big shops where

you could buy whatever you needed in one department or another. All this was much simpler, and in some ways perhaps better, than what we see to-day.

The great change came about through the many new inventions which helped people to make things much more quickly than they could before. When the new machines were being made men wanted to find some other power to drive them than men's hands or feet, and at first they made use of water. Then came the steam engine, and since the new machinery was so expensive, only the rich or prosperous could afford it. Thus the new machines were grouped together in factories where the steam engine could drive them, and all around there sprang up the little houses where the poorer people lived who had to work in the factory all day long. Before men realised what had happened, large towns had grown up, a new society had arisen, and it was full of new difficulties and new problems.

The stories in this book are all about people who lived during the last two hundred years. They show how men tried to make life better for their fellows, and to find a way out of these new difficulties. We shall see how men's ideas gradually changed, and how those changes led to better treatment and greater kindness as between man and man. Some of the stories tell of how life was saved by the building of lighthouses or the work of the life-boats. Others tell how life was improved by the founding of schools, the building of new roads, the cheapening

of the postage, and the protection of the children. We shall see how bad old laws were changed, and how new knowledge was put at the service of mankind. Sometimes the story centres round some great man or woman, such as William Wilberforce, who freed the slaves, or Florence Nightingale, the Lady with the Lamp, who were pioneers of new ideas. At other times the change will come from the general agreement among many people whose names have almost been forgotten. Often the leaders of different causes did not agree with each other, sometimes they quarrelled most violently, yet all according to their lights were servants of their generation.



JOHN SMEATON.

He built the first successful lighthouse on the Eddystone. In the picture it is shown behind him.

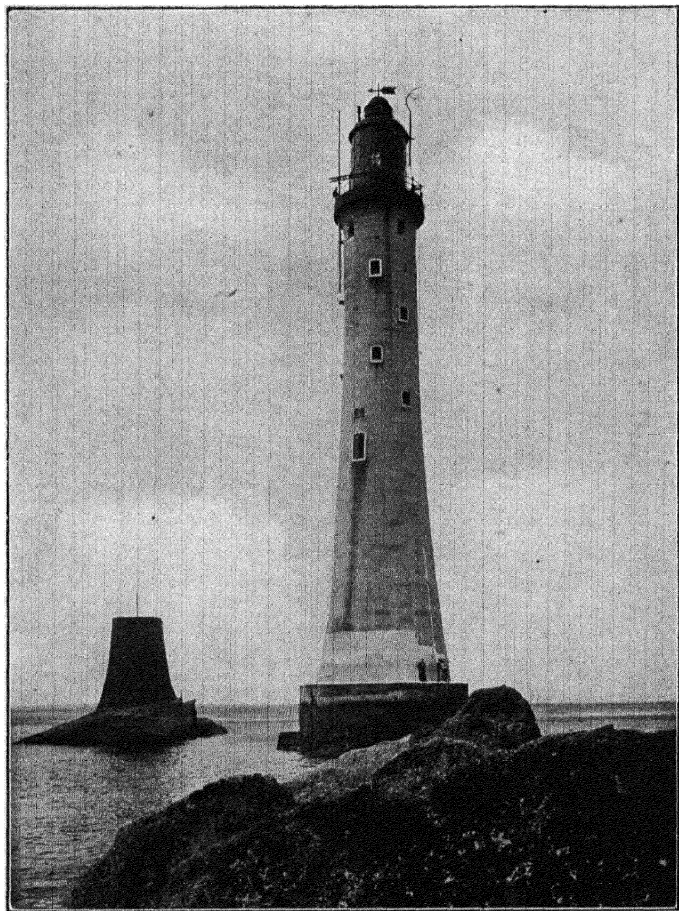
CHAPTER I

The Coastwise Lights of England

IF you come to England nowadays in a great ship from across the seas, watching in the twilight as you approach the English coast, you will suddenly pick out a flashing light, and know that you are almost home. Then as you get nearer, light after light will appear, gleaming suddenly or flashing at different intervals, so that the captain can tell each light by name and know just where he is. Nearer and nearer the harbour you come, and so at last along the fairway, lit on either hand with the gleam of floating gas-buoys. It is almost like walking down a street by night and very nearly as safe.

So the ship has found her way by the help of the different lights, from the first flashes from the distant rock far out to sea, to the nearer lighthouses along the coast, and so by the buoys and light-ships to the port itself. This whole string of many lights, like signposts, have all been built in our changing times, for until recently men did not know how to build towers strong enough to resist the sea, or even how to make the curved glass lenses through which the lights can be seen so far away.

Yet the story of the lighthouses stretches right back to Roman times, and even beyond, when people built watch towers along the coasts of Egypt, and kept wooden fires burning on them by night



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE TO-DAY.

The picture is taken at low water, and in the background can be seen the stump of Smeaton's Lighthouse.

to show the sailors the way. The most famous was the "Pharos," standing on a little island at the entry to the port of Alexandria in Egypt. From it all other lighthouses took their name, so that even to-day the French call a lighthouse *phare*. So for thousands of years men had nothing but open fires here and there along the coast. Here in England, too, we had only a few towers, first built by the Romans, with their wood or coal fires gleaming in the night.

At last when ships went far afield to distant America, and came back across the ocean to seek the English coast, men began to feel that more help was needed. There were many dangerous rocks right out to sea which were not marked by lights or beacons. Many a ship coming home by night or in the flurry of a dark winter's day struck them and was wrecked. So it was determined to try and build a lighthouse on one of the most cruel rocks, the Eddystone, which lies far out in the English Channel, some fourteen miles from Plymouth Sound.

It is just over two hundred years ago since the first Eddystone lighthouse began to show its light at sea ; and it only lasted for some five years. It was built of beams of oak, with masses of stone to keep it steady. But it was not strong enough for winter storms, and in one terrible gale it was washed away and disappeared entirely.

Still men were not to be beaten, and in four years' time a new Eddystone appeared. This lighthouse was made of great beams of wood clamped together, and built in the shape of a cone, with a smooth surface outside, so that the sea should have nothing

to break. Huge piles of stone were wedged inside the lower stories to weight it down, and for more than forty years the light shone night by night from the wooden pile. Then suddenly one day it caught fire, and the second Eddystone lighthouse was destroyed. Now men realised that if a safe lighthouse was to be built, they must get the best advice they could. So they sought help from John Smeaton, the famous engineer.

When Smeaton was a little boy at home in Yorkshire, his father watched him playing with his toys, and always noticed how cleverly he made things. One day he even made a little model of a steam engine, and managed to pump dry a small pond in his garden. He made other mechanical toys as well. He had a small forge where he heated and hammered his metal, and then he turned it on a lathe which he had made. It seemed certain that such a boy must be an engineer, and yet his father, who was a lawyer, wanted John to be a lawyer too. So when he was sixteen he left school, and was sent into a lawyer's office. Here he learnt to cut his quill pen, and to write his legal documents with the proper flourishes and all the proper phrases.

He did not really like it, and then, soon after he was sent to London to complete his studies in the law, he got his chance. He found a job as an assistant in a shop where they made and sold scientific instruments. So he gave up the law, and soon after he was able to set up in a shop of his own. Now he quickly became known to all the learned people by the clever papers he wrote about scientific matters. The compass, pumps, the steam engine,

all interested him ; and soon he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, which was a very great honour. But Smeaton was a practical man too, and he had travelled in the Low Countries and studied their system of canals and harbours. It seemed that he could solve any difficulty, for he was clever both with his hands and with his brain. So it was Smeaton who was asked to build the new lighthouse.

It was a difficult task. Here was a lonely rock far from the land, often covered by the water, and quite unapproachable in the stormy days of winter. On this he had to build a tower which should last where others had failed, and should neither be swept away by the sea nor burnt down by fire. He studied the question carefully, but did not take long to make up his mind. He would build a tower entirely of stone, so that it could never burn. To make it safe against the pounding of the seas, he would cut sockets in each stone and dovetail them all together. In outside shape the new lighthouse was very like the old, a round tower tapering gracefully to the little balcony, on which was placed the light. The surface too was smooth. He made a small model of his lighthouse to show exactly how it should be built, and then he set to work.

One summer day he sailed out to the rock and chose the exact place where his lighthouse should stand. Then all the rest of that summer his men were at work, cutting deep holes down into the living rock, so that the foundation stones could be firmly placed. When the winter storms stopped work on the rock, the men at Plymouth began to cut into their proper shapes the huge granite stones,

which weighed about a ton apiece. So when summer came again they were ready to begin to build the tower itself, and after two long years the work was finished, and the twenty-four big candles in the lantern burned steadily and cast a light which could be seen even from distant Plymouth.

The new lighthouse was a great success. It was so well built that it lasted for about a hundred years, until at length it was found that the bit of rock on which it stood was being undermined by the sea, so that it became unsafe. Then the last lighthouse on the Eddystone was built by Sir James Douglas ; it was nearly twice as high as Smeaton's, and still stands to-day. Beside it there stands the stump of Smeaton's tower, but the upper part has been set up on Plymouth Hoe. There you can still see the old lighthouse, and for a copper you may climb to the top of the lantern tower and examine all the rooms inside.

The new lighthouse on the Eddystone was an experiment, but it was so successful that men soon realised that he had found the true way to build. As year after year the storms of winter could not shift his tower, people determined to follow his plans and build others like it. Smeaton himself built no more lighthouses, but became interested in other works. He built bridges, and made the big canal between the Forth and Clyde in Scotland, and later made a harbour at Ramsgate. But others followed in his footsteps, and the most dangerous rocks around the British coasts were slowly marked one by one.

Perhaps the story of the Bishop Rock is one of

the most interesting. This rock stands at the westernmost point of the Scilly Isles, and is most dangerous to ships sailing eastward into the English Channel. About seventy years ago it was decided to put a light to mark this rock, and at first they made a great tower of iron beams, but when all was ready for showing the light a storm swept it away. Then Douglas, who had built the new Eddystone, determined to build a similar tower of granite on the Bishop Rock. This was done successfully, and for some twenty years the light flashed out its warning each night. But the rock was terribly exposed and the continual thunder of the great Atlantic waves was so intense that it was found that the very granite blocks were splitting beneath its force. Then to strengthen the tower they built around it a second complete casing of granite blocks, and there the lighthouse stands to-day with its two skins of stone to face the roar of the Atlantic.

Other lighthouses have been built to tell the danger of some hidden sandbank, and here it is no easy matter to find a sure foundation on which to build. Sometimes the light is held aloft on straddling legs of steel which go deep down into the sand. In other cases, such as the famous Rothersand light in Germany, a big caisson or metal drum is sunk far down into the sand and filled with stone and concrete; and on this the lighthouse is built.

Besides these lighthouses out at sea, there are the many lights along the coast. These are just as necessary to help the ship, but far more easy to build, and to serve. For in the wave-swept lights

the keepers are often cut off for long periods at a time from the shore. It is a lonely job for the couple of men on duty, while their mate has his leave ashore, though now the gift of wireless sets has made a good deal of difference. If one of the dutymen falls sick it is a sad business, for at all costs the light must be kept burning, and sometimes a keeper has only managed this by the most heroic efforts.

So to-day we have our coasts lit like a city street, but there is still one danger which a sailor dreads. If fog comes down, by day or night, he finds himself in difficulties. The fog-horns or sirens of the passing ships blare out a warning, but the fog is treacherous, and it is difficult to tell whence the noise is coming. So even the horns or signal guns of the lighthouses are little help.

Now there are two new ways in which the captain can be helped in steering his ship through a fog. Some lighthouses have a bell beneath the sea, and the ship has ears beneath the water which can pick up the sound from far away. Again, with the help of wireless the captain can find quite accurately the position of his ship. Still these are only luxuries, and whether we sail in the bigger ships which make use of all these modern inventions, or only in a small tramp or coaster, our safety depends on the lighthouse. When we see the wheeling flash of one distant light, or the steady glare of another, we can think of the many watchers around our coast, and of Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone.

CHAPTER II

Botany Bay

“Here comes an old soldier from Botany Bay,
What have you got to give him to-day.”

THIS is part of an old song which is still sometimes sung by English children in their games, and it reminds us of the days when criminals were banished for life to Botany Bay in Australia. Nowadays there is no such terrible punishment as banishment, or “transportation” as it was called, but when it was first started it was really a merciful thing. It is more than three hundred years ago since it was decided to send the prisoners from the jails in England across the seas, instead of hanging them, as was the usual custom in those harsh times. In those days Australia had not yet been discovered, so it was to America that the first exiles were sent. Year after year ships sailed from the Thames for Virginia or for the islands of the West Indies with crowds of convicts aboard.

Here is part of a letter written by a gentleman in London in the days of James II. Let us read it and picture the scene. “Upon Easter eve, about six of the clock, I went to Newgate to receive the male-factors, which ought to have been forty-seven in number; but two men and one woman were dead, and one man and a woman were sick. I cannot understand that any of these men are of any trades

or professions worthy giving an accompt of; only excepting Thomas Smith, a handsome, stout young man, who is a barber-chirurgeon, and is to be vallew'd as two others. . . . As they went down to the waterside, notwithstanding a guard of about thirty men, they committed several thefts, snatching away hats, perriwigs, etc., from several persons whose curiosity led them into the crowd." But it was Easter time, so Christopher Jeaffreson left his "parcel of notorious villains," as he called them, at London Bridge, and his friends took them on to the waterside. Later he was to hear how badly they had behaved aboard ship, throwing their new clothes overboard, and arriving in America in rags. Jeaffreson had bought them from the jailer in England, and grumbled very loudly at the fees he had to pay. On reaching the West Indies the prisoners were sold to the farmers, who kept them for several years hard at work, and then gave them their liberty, though they were never allowed to return to England again.

Besides these convicts who were transported, others went out to the colonies of their own free will, and often on the same ships. Poor people who could not afford to pay their passage would agree to work without wages for four or five years, and so repay their masters who paid their fares. Skilled servants were very welcome, whether convicts or free settlers. "Scotchmen and Welshmen we esteem the best servants, and the Irish the worst, many of them being good for nothing but mischief," says one letter. "The woman [to serve] for five years is, as I am told, a good needlewoman [and she can]

make or mend negroes' or servants' clothes," writes another. "It is long since my request to you to send me some white servants, especially a mason, carpenter, smith, cooper, or any handy craftsman," writes a colonist, "and now I am necessitated to reiterate my sayd request to you, not only for a clerke or tradesman, but for any sort of men, and for one or two women, if they can be found."

But year after year besides the new colonists who came willingly to serve their masters for a term of years, there was a constant stream of criminals pardoned on condition that they were transported overseas. Yet even these men, if they behaved themselves and worked hard, as many did, could become in time free men, and set up as traders or shopkeepers or small farmers for themselves.

Now we come to the story of Botany Bay. It was more than 150 years after the system of transporting criminals had commenced before any were sent to Australia. The change was due to the quarrel between the American colonies and old England. After a long war the colonies had become independent, and the new U.S.A. would no longer accept the cargo loads of English convicts. The little islands of the West Indies, where first they had been welcome as labourers, were full of negro slaves, and did not want white workmen. Meanwhile, in England, the harsh laws were becoming milder, and more and more criminals were pardoned instead of being hung. Yet no one knew what to do with them, for in those days prisons were not

places where people could be kept as a punishment, but merely lock-ups for those awaiting trial.

So the Government asked three men to consider the question and advise them what to do. One of these men was John Howard, whose story we shall tell later. Howard and his friends thought that the best plan was to build new and better prisons, where the criminals could be kept under proper discipline. They should have regular work and separate cells in which to live, good food, clean surroundings, and proper teaching and religious instruction. This they hoped would be such a change from their former life, that they would in time regain a sense of decency and honour, and one day become good citizens again. But these plans were difficult to carry out. It would take time to build such places, as well as large sums of money, and every month more and more criminals were awaiting transportation.

It was therefore decided once more to send these convicts overseas, and to make use of the new land of Australia which had recently been discovered by Captain Cook. In this great country no white men were living. So the first fleet of nine ships set sail for the pleasant inlet of Botany Bay, which had received its name because of all the lovely flowers and plants seen there by the famous botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, a few years before. Soon its name was to be a byword, for nearby there grew up a dreadful convict station. At first it was a busy sight, as an eyewitness tells us: "In one place a party cutting down the woods; a second setting up a blacksmith's forge; a third dragging along a load of stores or provisions;

here an officer pitching his marquee, with a detachment of troops parading on one side of him, and a cook's fire blazing up on the other."

When once the little settlement was established, the stream of convicts began to pour into it steadily, and the story soon becomes one of the most terrible in English history. At home in England, the convicts were herded in jails, and then aboard the old hulks in the river, waiting until the fleet was ready to start. These were the days of sailing ships, and conditions on a long voyage were bad, even for willing passengers. For the convicts they were appalling. The prisoners were packed together, often with irons on legs and wrists to keep them secure, and they had to endure as best they could the bad conditions below decks, and the bad food on which they were fed.

When at last they reached the colony, they were formed into large parties and put to work under the control of the soldiers. The disobedient and rebellious were chained together in gangs, and forced to specially hard labour in quarrying and making roads, or else sent to special stations where flogging and other cruel punishments were a daily thing. So terrible was the state of the men in these places that it is impossible to describe. Men became so desperate that despite the guards, some managed to escape and took to the wilds. These outlaws, or "bushrangers" as they were nicknamed, for long remained a terror to society, and stories of their doings still linger on.

All the while a change was gradually taking place. A little town called Sydney grew up, and there free

people were beginning to settle. Some of the better convicts, too, were set free under certain conditions, and these "emancipists," as they were called, either worked for the other settlers or became shopkeepers and tradesmen themselves. Still there were too many ex-convicts in the little society, and the friends of prisoners would come out to Sydney and persuade the governor to let them have their convict friends to work for them. So it often happened that the clever rogues who were transported soon gained a kind of freedom, and began again to be a nuisance to society.

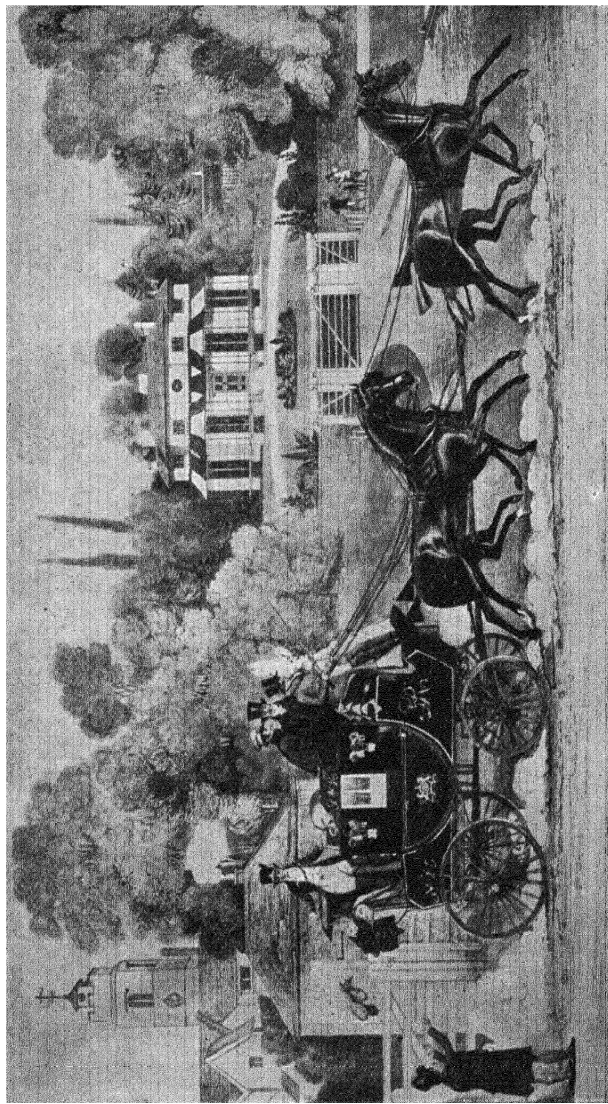
Outside the town new settlers were coming who took to sheep farming, and these "squatters" gradually became important. Yet all the time, year after year, the convict ships brought their cargoes of criminals from England. Thus the free people in Sydney and in the country soon began to feel that if ever they were to make a new society of clean and honest people, this transportation must stop.

It took many years of discussion and argument in the newspapers, of letters to England, and of speeches in Parliament before anything was done. Then, at last, just fifty-six years after the first fleet had arrived, it was ordered that no criminals should be sent to this part of Australia. So the colony of New South Wales, to give it its proper name, was able to begin again as a land of free men. It is true that for a few years the English Government used the island of Tasmania as a criminal depot, but things were so terrible there that thoughtful men realised that the whole system was wrong, and at

last, after one or two other experiments, the punishment of transportation was abolished altogether.

What happened to the prisoners at home is another story, which must be told when we come to our friend John Howard, who was chiefly responsible for the reform of the English prisons. But the end of the system of transportation came about, not by the great work of any one man, but by the gradual change in people's ideas ; a change both in Australia and among thinking men in England. Australia was free now to go on its own way, and gradually to grow into a new country, with great cities and fine people of its own. While here at home in England new plans were tried for helping and reforming the criminal, so as to make him able once more to be an honest man. The old idea of expelling him entirely from his native land disappeared for ever.

[Capt. Cook discovers Australia, 1770. First fleet sails to Botany Bay, 1787. Transportation to New South Wales abolished, 1840.]



A STAGE-COACH PASSING A TOLL-GATE.

The guard is throwing the mail-bag to the tollman.

CHAPTER III

The King's Highway

IF you could go back a couple of hundred years and walk along a main road you might come across a surprising sight. Here, mounted on a fat horse, sits a ruddy farmer, surrounded by carts and horses, and a group of labourers. He is the parish road surveyor, elected for a year, and last Sunday he gave notice in church that all the village had to come and help him mend the roads. A strange sort of road it looks, too, as it runs, a wide track across the common, and then falls sharply down to the little river beneath the open cornfield. It has no hard surface, but is churned into a mass of mud by the winter rains and the tramping of the passing travellers.

The surveyor does not know where to begin. At last he sends a couple of carts off to get gravel, and another to fetch huge stones. The children are set to gather flints from the fields. Then the labourers harness six horses to a great plough, and turn up the muddy track, and later they harrow it into a smooth surface. They spread a little gravel on the top, tumble a couple of loads of stone into a boggy stretch, and then go home to supper.

That is the way the road was mended two hundred years ago, and later too. Each parish had the duty of keeping its roads in order, and the people had to give six days' labour each year for this purpose. No

one worked very hard ; and the labourers were often called " The King's Loiterers," and sometimes the " King's Highwaymen," when they begged too pressingly from the passers-by. But roads in those days were very different from roads to-day. For since the time when the Romans had built their fine paved roads throughout England for their soldiers to march on, few real roads had been made. Mere tracks existed from place to place, and they became so miry as to be almost impassable in winter. Of course, no modern cart or motor could have gone along such tracks, but there was comparatively little wheeled traffic in England two hundred years ago.

As in early days, the poorer people walked, but all who could afford it rode on horseback. Gentlemen coming up to London from their country houses, judges riding to the assizes, merchants going to their place of business, postmen riding from London all over the country, even commercial travellers, or " bagmen," with their two big bags of samples—all went on horseback. Goods went on horseback too. Along the narrow track beside the muddy road you would often meet long strings of packhorses, with their bells to warn you of their coming. Down in the potteries you would see " packhorses and asses heavily laden with coal . . . tubs full of ground flint from the mills, crates of ware or panniers of clay . . . floundering knee-deep through the muddy holes and ruts that were all but impassable." Nearer London you would find every kind of goods on horseback, and you might even see swift horses with their burden of Newcastle salmon, or Yarmouth herring, galloping past to bring their load fresh to London.

As London grew, so food came to it from all over the country, and mostly on foot. Down from the Highlands came the cattle to Norfolk, to be fattened for the London market. From the west country came countless hordes of snuffling pigs, while Welsh cattle and vast numbers of sheep all made their way towards the hungry city. If you had been on the Norfolk roads in autumn you would have met still stranger travellers. Drove after drove of waddling geese, often two thousand strong, filled the countryside with their quacking. Later you would meet the turkeys, all hurrying to London for the Christmas dinner.

Now we can imagine into what a state the roads would get with trampling armies of animals always coming and going. A dirty farm lane to-day will give us some idea. Of course, for cattle soft ways are best, though for wheeled traffic they are almost impassable. One farmer actually begged Parliament not to improve a road which he used, saying that "the roads are already good enough for horses to go . . . that he drives two or three hundred bullocks forward and backward . . . that six or seven hundred sheep and lambs come to every market; that, in short, the roads are better for cattle to go on as they are now than amended [improved or remade], because the stones will cripple and lame them before they come to market."

How different this picture is from the modern road with its firm, hard surface, its well-drained gutters, and the constant stream of cars ever on the move. This great change has come about through the growth of carts with wheels,

and the demands for firmer roads on which they could travel.

Some early coaches began to run in Charles II's time, but they were heavy, clumsy affairs, without any springs, and they went very slowly on the bad roads. Of course some people of the time did not like them, and a fussy old gentleman named Mr. Cressett wrote lots of letters about them. He was full of complaints. The coaches were stuffy, he did not like the smell of the scent which the ladies used, or the crying of the babies, and he hated the rolling, jolting coach. Worst of all, he thought that England would be ruined, if men forgot how to ride, for then they would not want to buy saddles and bridles, and so the harness-makers would be idle.

Still the new sort of carriage had come to stay, whatever the grumblers might say, and it soon began to develop. Coaches ran regularly from many of the great towns to London. In addition, great lumbering wagons, covered with a canvas top, like a tent, and dragged by teams of four or more horses, ploughed their way from distant villages to London. The travellers tramped alongside and dumped their bundles in the wagon. Then almost 150 years ago a new sort of coach was invented. This had springs, and was much lighter than the older carriages. It went more quickly too, and London was soon linked to the chief towns by "flying coaches," which changed their team of horses frequently, and so kept up a good speed. In London the postmaster began to send the letters by mail-coach instead of by mounted postmen.

Now came a great change in the roads. All the

new coaches, and the people who travelled in them, grumbled at the ill-kept ways; and the villagers whose duty it was to keep the roads in repair grumbled at the carriages. How could they look after the roads, they argued, when the wheels cut great ruts too deep to fill, and the heavy wagons broke up the roads into a quagmire? Besides, they said, why should they work and pay to keep up the roads for other people to travel on them? So a new plan was suggested by which it was hoped that the roads would be better kept, and the people who actually used them made to pay.

One after another small groups of people in different parts of the country were formed into Turnpike Trusts by Parliament. Their duty was to look after a portion of the roads, and they were allowed to charge a toll from all who went along them. You can picture to yourself the scene. We have left the town a mile behind, and ahead on the road we see a little group of men and carriages standing by a small, round house. As we draw near we see there is a bar across the road, and the "pikeman" with his tall black-glazed hat, corduroy breeches, white stockings and white apron, is arguing hard with an angry driver. Nearby is a clumsy crane, worked by his mate, which has just lifted a heavy wagon from off the road and weighed it. The pikeman is trying to force the wagoner to pay an extra toll, but he refuses with vigour. At last, with a wink and a nod, the wagoner gives the pikeman a small tip for his pocket, and through goes the wagon without paying any toll at all. Back swings the bar, we

pay our fee, and are soon trotting briskly along the turnpike.

Gradually all over England the turnpike system spread until there were nearly a thousand of these trusts, but the roads did not all join up, and often there were bad gaps between the different systems. A foreigner who visited England a hundred and fifty years ago, and travelled from London westward, writes: "After the first forty-seven miles from London you never set eyes on a turnpike for 220 miles. . . . What fine roads," he jeers, "from London to Land's End; or even to Exeter, Plymouth, or Falmouth; you have such roads as the lazy Italians have fruits, namely what God left them after the Flood."

Some of the trusts improved their roads, but many were as bad as ever. The real difficulty was that people did not know how to make good roads, but now two men appeared who had made a special study of the question. The one was Thomas Telford, who built so many bridges that he was called in jest, "Pontifex Maximus," and the other, a Scotchman too, was J. L. Macadam. Both these men became professional engineers, and with their help the roads of England became some of the best in the world.

Telford was the son of a Scottish farm labourer, and as a young lad he was apprenticed to a stonemason. He was so clever that he soon became an architect too. After working in England he went back to Scotland, and in the Highlands began to make roads for the Government. He quickly became famous as an engineer; and he built over 1200 bridges, nearly 1000 miles of road, as well as

churches, canals and harbour works. His fame spread to England, where he was recalled to undertake a new piece of work.

For many years the Postmaster-General in London had been anxious about the state of the roads. All the letters went by road, and in many places it was dangerous for a mail-coach to travel. At last the great road from London to Holyhead became a scandal ; the posts could scarcely pass that way, and the Irish members of Parliament found it difficult to get up to town. So Telford was given charge of the whole road, different parts of which belonged to many turnpike trusts. He made a complete survey of the whole route, and then spent several years making bridges, building embankments, cutting through hills, and straightening bends. The big suspension bridge over the Menai Straits and the smaller bridge at Conway were built by him, and so at last the Holyhead Road became the finest highway of its time.

Meanwhile, Macadam was at work in another way, mending old roads rather than making new. He had sufficient wealth to retire when still young. So he settled at Bristol, and made roads his hobby. "I have travelled at various times," he stated, "to ascertain which are the best roads, and which the best means of road-making, over the whole kingdom, from Inverness in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall."

Gradually three ideas took shape in his mind. He decided that the right plan was to make good roads suitable for the traffic, instead of trying to limit the weight and size of the carriages as had been

done before. Next he felt that road-making was so important that every turnpike trust should have a professional engineer to supervise its roads. Lastly came his great invention. He found that the best road surface was made by breaking small stones and rolling all their sharp edges together. To this day many roads are made in this way, and we speak of their surface as "Macadam."

Macadam's ideas soon won him fame, and people were amazed at the success of the roads he made. He became a professional engineer, and in time both he and his son were responsible for many roads in different parts of England. All over the country his methods were copied, and everywhere the roads became steadily better. But most important of all was the appearance of the new professional road engineer, who took the place of the old road surveyor, and employed paid labourers to work for him, instead of using the old-fashioned "King's Loiterers."

To-day we have almost forgotten the story of the roads, because just at this time the first railways began to be built, and every one's interest turned to them. We can't tell their story here, but we can try to understand what a change the better roads and the new railways made in people's lives. Instead of the muddy lanes and ill-made tracks, there ran through England fine, straight roads, with good surfaces and gentle slopes. Gradually the toll-houses disappeared as the turnpike trusts were abolished, and the roads were kept up by public money.

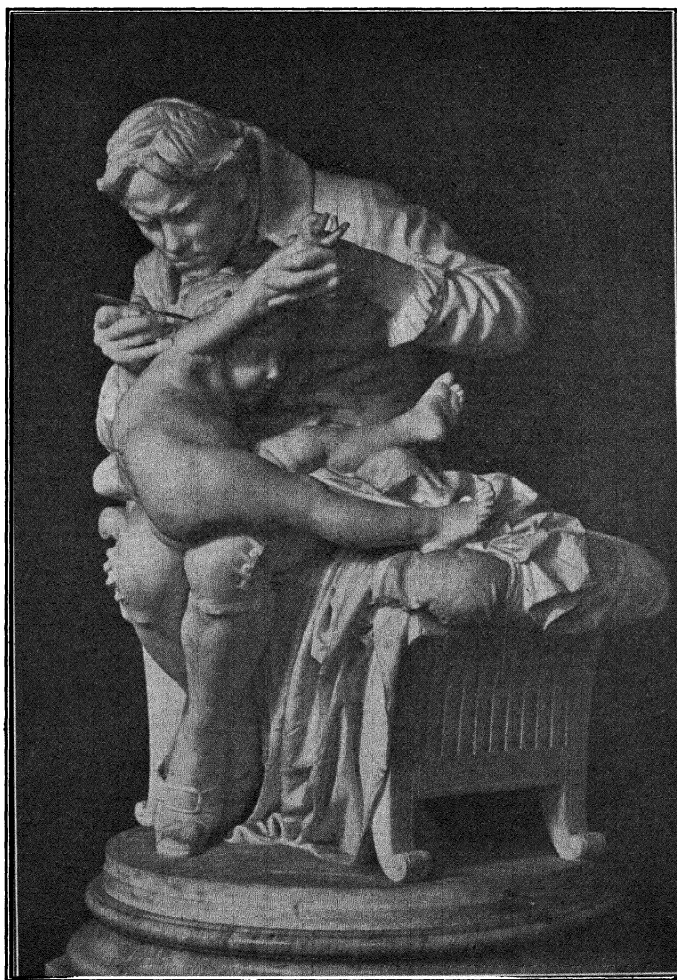
So now by road, or by the new railway, people could travel easily from town to town; letters and

newspapers went quickly, and goods were carried further and more cheaply. The whole of England seemed smaller. The isolated villages and the tiny hamlets were brought much closer to the great towns. Thus people got to know and understand each other better, for the ideas of the town could spread among the country folk, just as goods could be carried more easily from place to place.

Nowadays we are once more in the midst of a new revolution. The roads have come into their own again. Everywhere the motor car, and especially the motor bus, links village to village, and in many ways is a rival to the railway even between the towns. So great is the traffic that many new "arterial" roads are being built, and all the old roads are being remade.

There are so many different ways of making roads, it is impossible to tell of them all. In the towns our streets are paved with stone setts, or wooden blocks, or even rubber pads. Sometimes a road surface is sprayed with tar, at others it is made with asphalt. You may even see men making a road surface by pouring a melted mixture on the road, and then smoothing it out with hot irons! Perhaps the most interesting of all are the new concrete roads, where a framework of iron netting is laid upon a bed of stones, and then the concrete spread flat to dry upon the top. Most of these methods have grown up in recent years, but it is to Telford and Macadam, the first great road engineers, that we really owe the modern English roads.

[Telford, 1757-1834. Macadam, 1756-1836. Menai Bridge opened, 1826.]



THIS STATUE AT MILAN SHOWS DR JENNER VACCINATING
JAMES PHIPPS.

CHAPTER IV

The Gloucestershire Doctor

IF you had been in Gloucestershire when Macadam and his friends were making their new roads, you might have seen a young country doctor jogging along on his horse, and making his rounds from farm to cottage. With his bright blue coat, high top boots and silver spurs, he looks a bit of a fop as he trots by, swinging his crop and whistling lightly to himself. Now he stops to see some farmer abed with the rheumatics, again he calls at a cottage to see some poor woman who is sick. Then with spurs to his horse he hurries on to the little inn, where he meets his fellow-doctors for dinner. After a merry chat and a bottle of wine, someone reads a learned paper, and hot discussion follows. Later in the evening he plays his violin or flute, or perhaps he visits some neighbour's house, where he takes his share in a duet.

Next morning he is up early, for there is much to do. He is busy writing his paper on the cuckoo, and must see the young boy who is watching the bird for him, and tells him (not always correctly, alas) about that wicked bird's strange habits. Then off on his rounds again with a call on his parson brother for dinner and a chat. So the days passed peacefully away in the little village of Berkeley, for Jenner was a modest, retiring man and loved his

quiet country life. Yet by the time he was fifty this country doctor had become world famous, for it was Jenner who discovered vaccination.

It is hard for us nowadays, when smallpox is so rare a disease, with all sorts of strict rules to prevent its spread, to realise what a terrible scourge it used to be. Yet before Jenner's time smallpox was almost as common as measles is to-day, but of course far more dangerous. It left those of its victims who got well covered with disfiguring scars.

Smallpox was to be found in all big towns, as well as in the country. There were no isolation hospitals for the sick people, and doctors did not know how to treat it, or how to prevent people from catching the infection. So common was the disease that advertisements were put in the papers for servants who had had "the sickness." Children were often put to bed with others who were sick, so that they might be infected and get over the trouble of the disease once and for all. It was rare to see a lady whose beauty was not spoilt by smallpox scars, and very many died from it every year.

The story of Jenner's discovery is a romance. When quite a young man, while still apprenticed to a doctor in the country, he was interested in a local rumour which said that dairy-maids who had suffered from a disease called the cowpox, could never catch the worse disease of smallpox. He tried hard to find out if this were true, especially when later he went to London, to continue his studies at St. George's Hospital, as a pupil of the great Doctor Hunter. But nothing was known of this theory, and though Hunter encouraged his

inquiries he could not help him at all. So when at last Jenner went back to his own county, a qualified doctor, to begin practice, he still had to study this question for himself, though he now had all the new knowledge from his work in London to help him.

It was more than twenty years after he had commenced working as a doctor in the country that Jenner got his opportunity. One day a young dairy-maid came to him with a sore on her hand, which she had caught from a sick cow. Jenner recognised it as cowpox. Now at last he could make his great experiment. It was a little boy of eight, Jimmie Phipps, who was his lucky victim. Jenner took him on his knee, and making a small scratch with a sharp knife, he vaccinated him with some of the germs of the cowpox. Of course he soon developed cowpox, but this was a slight disease, and the boy was well again in a few days.

Now came the real test ; was Jimmie free from any chance of infection from smallpox ? Jenner inoculated him with smallpox to see, and the little boy remained quite well ; he never caught the terrible disease. It may seem to us a risky chance that Jenner took, but we must remember that in those days children were often given smallpox on purpose so that they might get the illness over quickly. Jenner did some more experiments to make quite sure, and then he wrote and published his famous paper which told the wonderful news.

Soon after this Jenner went up to London, where all the doctors, and the other people too, were immensely interested in his work. Some believed in his new cure, but to others it seemed too good to

be true. At first Jenner could find no one who was willing to be vaccinated as a test. Very soon, however, people began to accept his ideas, and there was such a rush to be vaccinated that Jenner was kept busy answering letters and arranging for the proper material to be used. Although England was at war with the great Napoleon, this did not prevent the news from spreading all over Europe, and soon even to France itself. Vaccination quickly became known in Spain and Portugal, the news was taken to Turkey and to Greece by English visitors. All the sailors of the British Fleet were vaccinated, and the medical officers promptly presented Jenner with a gold medal to show their thankfulness for his work.

The different foreign countries were quick to recognise the importance of vaccination. They had been scourged by smallpox, and now they welcomed the chance of relief. It was only five years after the first publication of Jenner's discovery that Spain sent a special expedition round the world to spread the news in Spanish America and in the other Spanish colonies. In some places there were religious processions to encourage people to be vaccinated, and in others special sermons were preached urging people to make use of God's new gift.

An interesting story tells how highly the great Napoleon valued Jenner's work. After the short Peace of Amiens war broke out again between England and France, and several important Englishmen who happened to be travelling in France were held as prisoners, but at Jenner's request Napoleon promptly let them go free. In the neighbouring country of Germany, Jenner's birthday, or the day

on which he vaccinated Jimmie Phipps, was for several years kept as a national holiday.

Personal honours were showered on Jenner; a ring from the Empress of Russia, a service of silver plate from his brother doctors, and two grants of money from Parliament. When the kings who had defeated Napoleon came to London after the war was over, Jenner was presented to them all. At Oxford he was granted the degree of M.D., but the old fogies of the College of Physicians would not allow him to be a member unless he passed an examination in the classics. But Jenner had forgotten all his Latin and Greek since leaving school. To rub it up again would be "intolerable beyond belief," he said; and added, "I would not do it for worlds."

Jenner's great work was recognised in his own day, but it was even more important than he or any of his friends realised, because it turned men's minds to new ideas about the causes of disease. With the help of the microscope it was at last discovered that many diseases are caused by tiny microbes in the blood. So with the aid of different inoculation it is possible to bring "antitoxins" into the body which will fight and destroy the unhealthy germs. Still the discovery of smallpox vaccination was enough for one pioneer. Even within Jenner's lifetime it was made compulsory in some countries, but not in England till thirty years after his death. There were, however, some people who did not believe in his ideas, as there are still, and England, which always prides itself on being the land of liberty, altered this law, so that no one who

“conscientiously objected” was forced to have his child vaccinated.

One thing we do know, and that is that smallpox, which used to be a regular scourge in this country, has practically disappeared. Most people believe that this is due to vaccination. Now almost every baby is vaccinated as soon as it is a few weeks old, and elder children and even grown-ups are often vaccinated a second time when there is any rumour of an outbreak of smallpox. So it is quite common nowadays to see a little red ribbon round someone’s arm ; and when we see it we can think of Edward Jenner and Jimmie Phipps and be thankful.

[Jenner, 1749-1823. James Phipps vaccinated, 1796. Vaccination compulsory in England, 1853. Law provides for “conscientious objection” by the parent, 1898.]

CHAPTER V

The Freeing of the Slaves

EVERY one has heard of the Slave Trade, but if we would realise what a terrible thing it was, we must picture to ourselves the way in which it worked. At home in England the merchants would subscribe their money and fit out their ships to sail for the west coast of Africa. Here the ship called at a little fortified post, where lived an Englishman whose duty it was to collect the slaves. These wretched people were often brought down to the coast by Arab traders, who had raided and burnt some peaceful village, and seized its inhabitants to sell them as slaves.

Aboard ship the negroes were stowed away in narrow rooms between decks, so close that they could hardly move, and fettered with irons on their legs. At times they were brought on deck and forced to jump and dance for exercise, with a whip to encourage them if they were not lively. The horrors of the voyage, the "Middle Passage," became famous, and very many of the negroes died from the bad conditions aboard ship. But the traders in England grew rich, and in Liverpool and Bristol there are still stories told of these slave-trading days.

In America the slaves were sold to their new masters, and many were taken to the English colonies, where they had to work hard, growing

sugar and tobacco. Here, again, they were often cruelly treated, for though some masters were kind, many slaves were controlled by a paid overseer, who got all the work he could from them, and flogged them if they displeased him. Worst of all, perhaps, was the fact that children of slaves were slaves themselves for life.

To us to-day these things seem abominable, but we must remember that men's ideas change slowly. In early times the Greeks and Romans had their slaves, and did not think it wrong. So in later days when slavery grew up in the American colonies, people at first paid little attention to it. Yet gradually a change of feeling did come about; a few people here and there, and especially the Quakers, began to teach that slavery was wrong. It was a horrible thing, they felt, for one man to own another, or to keep him chained up like an animal. So a small group of men formed a society to work for the abolition of the slave trade. Later some hoped to end slavery itself.

In England they had an uphill task. Little was seen here of the horrors of which these people talked. Some rich colonist, back from the West Indies, might bring his negro footman with him, but Sambo would be a great favourite, kindly treated, and rather an amusing fellow. Ladies of fashion delighted to be waited on by a little black page, with scarlet coat and bright buttons. But there was another side to the picture. From time to time a slave would escape, and Englishmen, who always boasted about their love of liberty, thought it strange to see the masters dragging these men back by force.

Then one day a great event happened in London. James Somerset, a negro servant, ran away, and when his master tried to seize him, appealed to the law. The judge protected him, and declared that no one could be a slave in England. This meant that no master in England could keep a slave against his will. Yet it needed more than this to make a real change. For the slave ships were still taking their cargoes across to America every year, and there were still many thousands in slavery across the seas. It needed some great man to make people realise what terrible things were still being done, and so force Parliament to bring them to an end. The man who did this work was William Wilberforce.

When Edward Jenner was ten years old, there was born in Hull another little boy, who was to become just as famous as Jenner, but in a different way. This was William Wilberforce. He was the son of wealthy parents, so that all through his life he had everything he could desire, as far as money was concerned. From school he went up to Cambridge to finish his education, but he did not work very hard there, and when only twenty-one he was elected to Parliament by his own city of Hull.

Wilberforce was a little man, with a big head, masses of hair and a pleasant, smiling face, who made friends with everyone he met. The world was kind to him and he enjoyed it to the full, whether joking or "foining," as he called it, or singing at a party, or talking late with his great friend, the young William Pitt. Wilberforce was interested in every-



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

This picture, which shows Wilberforce as an old man, was begun by the artist Lawrence but never completed.

thing, and led a busy and amusing life. It seemed as if there was nothing to distinguish him from his crowd of gay young friends.

Then at twenty-eight there came a sudden change. He became close friends with an earnest clergyman named Milner, and with other serious men, and he soon began to feel that he was wasting his powers. He wanted to find some great work to do in life. It was then that the Abolition Society managed to interest Wilberforce in their plans. In his diary he



AN IRON SLAVE COLLAR.

wrote: "God Almighty has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners." From that day to the last year of his life Wilberforce devoted himself to his chosen task, and led the campaign against slavery.

At first it seemed that he would succeed quickly, for his friend Pitt, who was now Prime Minister, helped him. Wilberforce sent to the ports to discover the real truth about the slave trade, for he wished to be able to make people understand the horrors which were going on. At Liverpool, particularly, his messengers found much to interest them. There

in the shops were to be seen shackles and leg irons, and even metal mouth-openers to force the slaves to eat. Clarkson, Wilberforce's friend, was unpopular with the slave traders of Liverpool, and he was nearly flung into the river from the pier head.

Then the question came before Parliament, and Wilberforce made a great speech, in which he tried to persuade the House of Commons to abolish the trade. All his friends, including Pitt himself, spoke in its favour, but those who were interested in the trade and had money in it there managed to get the business postponed. This was a terrible disappointment to Wilberforce, and he soon found that he had a more difficult task than he at first supposed.

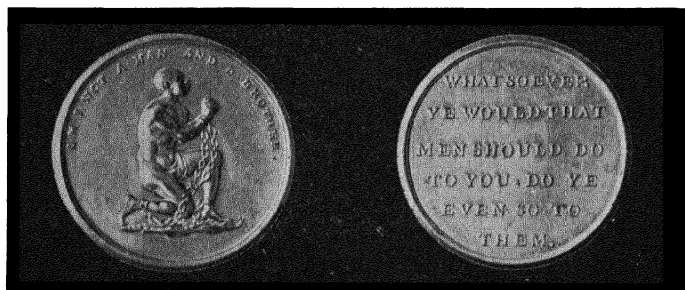
For now the French Revolution broke out, and soon England was at war with France, so that Pitt could not give any more time to Wilberforce and his plans. Another difficulty came too, for in one of the French West Indian islands the slaves rose and slaughtered their French masters, and this made English people very frightened of any change.

Yet the reformers did not lose heart, and they worked hard to rouse public opinion, and to make people who had never been out of England realise what the slave trade really was. Books and pamphlets were published telling about it. Poems were written and sung as hymns, and some people even wore brooches with a picture of a negro on them. Despite all this agitation, nothing more could be done in Parliament at present.

So Wilberforce and his friends turned their attention to other schemes. The most famous was the foundation of the settlement of Sierra Leone, in

Africa, with its capital of Freetown. Here were sent all the poor negroes who had escaped from their masters and drifted into the slums of London. Later it was used as a home for slaves rescued by the ships of the British Navy from pirate slave ships. To this day it is a British colony.

Meanwhile, the great plan was not forgotten. Year after year Wilberforce reminded Parliament of the question. Sometimes he was listened to



A MEDAL STRUCK TO HELP THE AGITATION AGAINST SLAVERY.

with respect, at others the members went to the opera instead. At length, after many years of waiting, his patience was rewarded. Pitt was now dead, worn out with the long war with France, and another Government was in power which favoured Wilberforce's schemes. At last the new law was passed which abolished the slave trade as far as Englishmen were concerned.

This was the first great step; the trade was illegal. Now no more negroes could be brought as slaves to any English colony, and no Englishmen might carry slaves to any land at all. Then Wilberforce set himself to the greater task of freeing the slaves

themselves. This was more difficult, because the slaves were the property of the farmers in the colonies, who feared they would be ruined if their slaves were no longer forced to work for them. Englishmen, too, were very particular to respect the rights of private property. Still Wilberforce had one thing in his favour; his long years of work against the slave trade had at last convinced people that slavery itself was evil.

Once more the agitation went on, and though as Wilberforce grew older he had to hand over the main work to other men, yet he lived to see the triumph of their work. In the very year in which he died a new law was passed, by which all the slaves in the British Empire were set free. And Parliament was ready to pay for this great reform. Twenty million pounds was voted as compensation to the masters of the slaves, so that they should not be ruined by the change.

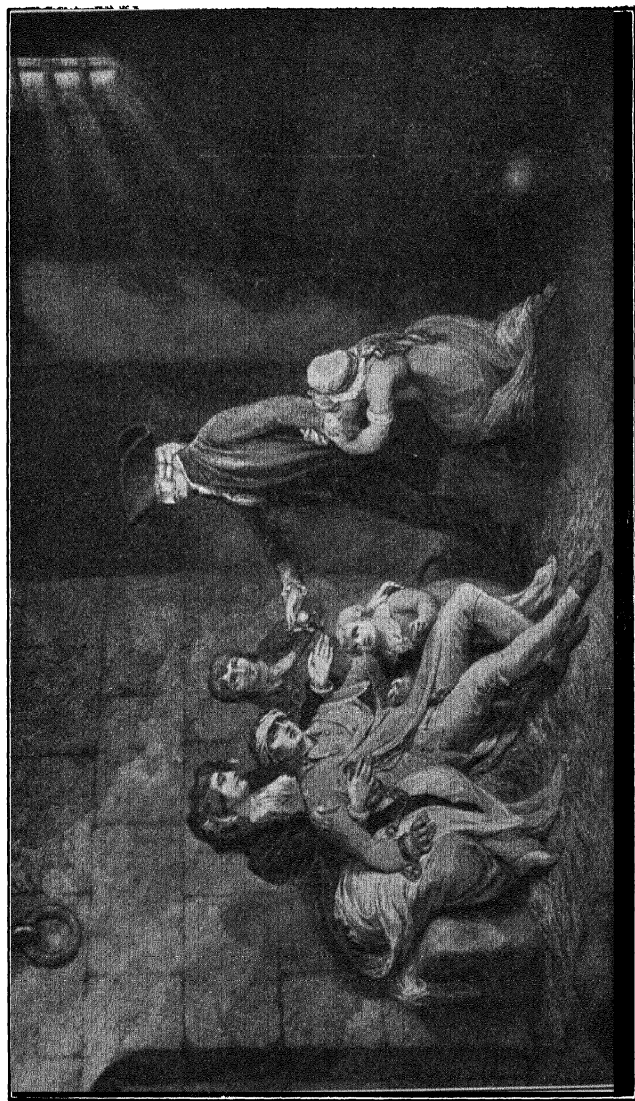
For Wilberforce the end was near. In the course of the debates a speaker exclaimed: "When Mr. Wilberforce hears of it, he may well exclaim, 'Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace.'" And though he was ill, Wilberforce was full of joy. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." A few days later the hero passed quietly away, a happy and contented man.

More work still remained to be done. For though England had gradually persuaded the other countries to agree to regard the slave trade as illegal, there were still scoundrels who managed to "run" a

cargo of slaves occasionally. For many years the British Navy was busy along the coasts of Africa, watching for suspicious ships which tried to slip across to America, or Arab dhows on the eastern coast. At last this work was finished, but in the United States the slaves were not freed until after the civil war, in which Abraham Lincoln became the great hero. To-day all people in every part of the civilised world agree that slavery is wicked, and it only lingers here and there in out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

A foreigner once saw Wilberforce going to Parliament and said: "When Mr. Wilberforce passes through the crowd every one contemplates this little old man, worn with age and his head sunk upon his shoulders, as a sacred relic—as the Washington of humanity." This is true, for the great triumph of his life's work is a turning point in human history. Through him slavery has disappeared throughout the world, and a new idea of the relations between white men and black has been born.

[Wilberforce, 1759-1833. Committee for abolition of slavery formed, 1787. Slave trade abolished, 1807. Act abolishing slavery passed, 1833.]



JOHN HOWARD VISITING A SOLDIER IN PRISON.

CHAPTER VI

All Prisoners and Captives

JUST about one hundred and fifty years ago, John Howard, a little-known country gentleman, was chosen to hold the office of High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and his experiences in his new work changed the whole course of his life. As a young man Howard had been apprenticed by his father to a wholesale grocer in London, but his father's death had left him a lot of money, and so Howard retired and lived in the country. He was a man of energy and determination, with Puritan ideas and sparse in his diet, a vegetarian and an abstainer, but until his work as sheriff he had not taken any part in public life.

His new office did not give him much work to do, but he had to supervise the execution of justice in the county. Here he found, to his horror, that men who had been thrown into jail on suspicion, when they were tried and acquitted, "were dragged back to jail and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailer." Howard promptly suggested to the magistrates that the jailer should have a regular salary instead of fees; and that innocent men should go free. "The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired," he writes, "but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into the several neighbouring

counties in search of one, but I soon learnt that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons I beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county jails in England."

So began Howard's lifelong mission. He spent four years at his own expense in a great survey of the English prisons, and then published an immense report in two volumes. Later he travelled over the whole of Europe, inspecting prisons where he could, and again wrote a report of his journeys. His work threw a flood of light upon the terrible state of affairs in the English prisons, and, as we shall see, when people knew the truth they soon began to demand that things should be improved.

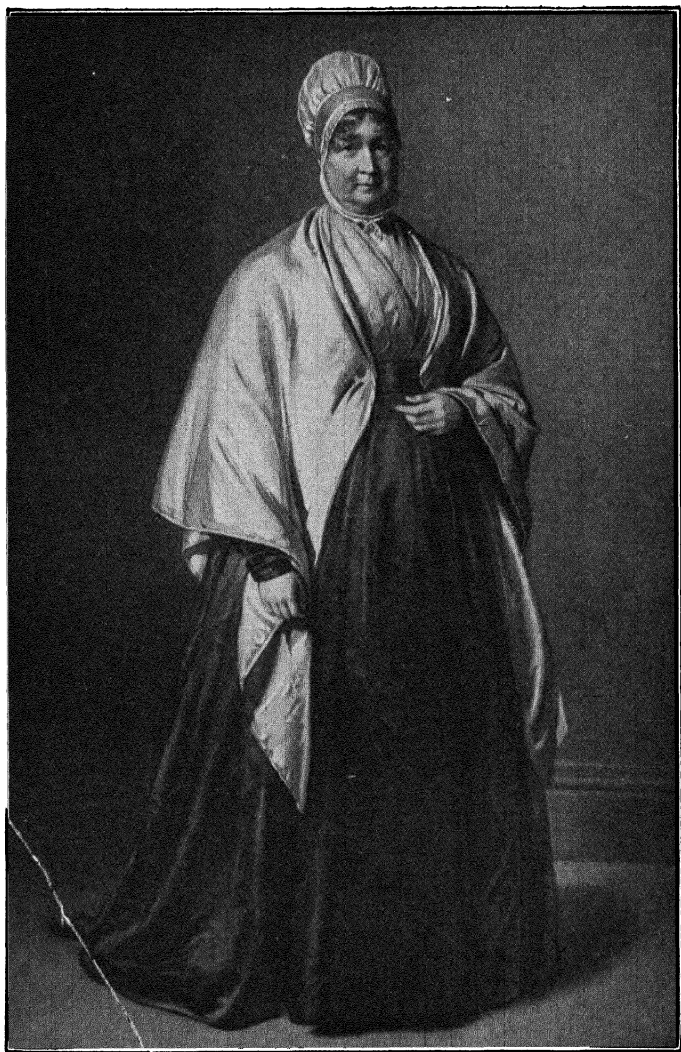
Let us try to picture the prisons as Howard saw them. First they were dirty, incredibly dirty. So bad were they, ill-ventilated, undrained, and overcrowded, that great numbers of prisoners every year died from a special disease known as jail fever. Howard tells us how the smell was so abominable that he could not travel in a closed coach after visiting a jail, but had to ride a-horseback in God's open air.

Next, he describes the jailers. In some places they owned the prisons, and made as much money as they could from the unfortunate prisoners. They loaded them with irons, so that they might be bribed to take them off again. They sold food and drink to the rich, and starved the poor. As we

have seen, the jailers generally depended on their fees, so often innocent people could not get free from jail. In many places there was no allowance for food, and the prisoners had to beg from the passers-by to keep themselves alive.

Then he speaks of the prisoners themselves. In many places they were all huddled together in hopeless confusion; the hardened criminal with the young boy who had just committed his first offence, the luckless fellow who had run into debt with the professional thief who had been caught at last. We must remember that in those days the prisons were not places in which to keep people as a punishment, but waiting places to keep them until trial. Then they were either hanged, or transported, or else acquitted. Only the debtors, by a foolish and wicked law, could be kept in prison indefinitely, and of course they had little chance to pay their debts while locked away in prison. To add to all these horrors the chance of trial came but seldom. "In some counties jail delivery is but once a year," wrote Howard. "What reparation can be made to a poor creature for the misery he has suffered and the corruption of his morals by confinement in a prison near twelve months before trial, in which, perhaps, he is declared by his county Not Guilty?"

Howard's work soon bore fruit. Even before he published his great book, Parliament asked him for his experiences, and then passed two new laws, which made things a little better. One arranged for the better lighting and ventilation of prisons, and the other made the great reform which Howard



Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY.

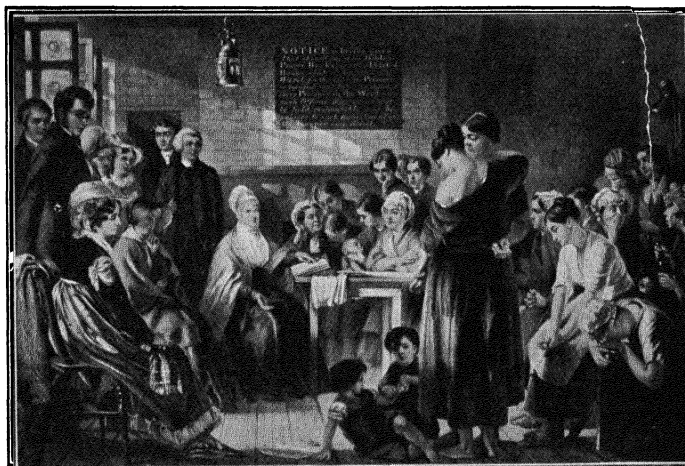
had first demanded. The jail fees of the man who was acquitted were to be paid by the county rates. Howard himself sent copies of these Acts to every county jailer throughout England at his own expense. He had other plans for prison reform which did not succeed for a long time. We have seen, for instance, how he tried to build model prisons for the convicts who could not be transported to America, and how the Government sent them to Australia instead. But his main work was to be carried on by someone he had never seen.

Elizabeth Gurney was a little girl of only nine years old, living with her parents in the pleasant village of Earlham, near Norwich, when Howard died far away at Cherson, in Russia, where he had gone on the last of his European travels. Of course, little Elizabeth knew nothing of Howard then, though she was destined to continue his work. When a young girl she led an ordinary life of pleasant gaiety, but soon she felt herself drawn to serious things. She came of an old Quaker family, given to good works, and she began to take an interest in the "house of correction" in Norwich. As she grew to womanhood her reverent manner, quiet face, and beautiful, deep voice made every one notice her, and she soon became recognised as a "minister" among the Friends.

Then she married John Fry, a merchant, and came to live in London, and in her new home she was quickly called to her life task. It was at Newgate the great London prison, in the women's

wards, where Elizabeth Fry did her greatest work. Here she found a state of things much like what Howard had described, for his work had produced but little change as far as Newgate was concerned.

Here in two wards and a couple of cells were housed nearly three hundred women, as well as their children. They had such an evil reputation that



MRS FRY READING TO THE WOMEN IN NEWGATE.

the governor advised Mrs. Fry and her friends to leave their watches behind when they went in. The condition of these prisoners was appalling. They had only one tap for all their needs, their clothing was in rags, and they were all herded together, young and old, innocent and guilty. They spent their time in begging and swearing, gaming and fighting, for they had nothing better to do.

To these poor women came Mrs. Fry and her friends. The best way to help them was to find them something to do, and so Mrs. Fry bought them cloth, and taught them to sew and to make themselves decent clothes. In this way she kept them out of mischief. Then she would sit and read to them the Bible in her quiet way, and her low voice seemed to have a special charm for them. "To-day I have seen the greatest curiosity in London," writes the American ambassador; "aye in England, too, compared to which Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, the British Museum, nay Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance. I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and I have witnessed there the effect of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings. And yet the wretched outcasts have been tamed and subdued by the Christian eloquence of Mrs. Fry. . . ."

She was truly a wonderful woman, and we cannot tell here of all her work. How she helped to improve the condition of the prisoners transported to Botany Bay; how she founded an order of nursing sisters, and started nightly shelters for the poor outcasts of London. Instead we must see what happened to the prisons.

Two main reforms were at length brought about. One was the abolition of imprisonment for debt. So nowadays, unless the debt is due to fraud, a man cannot be put in prison simply because he owes money. The hopeless pictures of the debtors' prisons drawn by Dickens in his novels have gone

for ever. The other great reform was in the state of the prisons themselves. Howard, Mrs. Fry and their friends had pinned all their faith to cleanliness, to good discipline, to regular work, and to separate cells for the individual prisoners. With these ideas in view fresh prisons were built, and soon the new system was in full swing. The old horrors of overcrowded yards full of all sorts of prisoners, innocent and guilty, jumbled together in filth and sin, had disappeared for ever.

But the reformers had been too hopeful. They had thought that their new prisons would quickly produce a reform of character, and they had failed to realise what a terrible thing is solitary confinement. In some ways the new system was a failure ; it was too harsh. Nowadays we are in the midst of a new kind of reform. New ideas are abroad, and the time of imprisonment is looked at not so much as a time of punishment, but as a time of training, when attempts are made to win back the mind and character of the prisoner, and to prepare him to be a citizen once again. In each prison there is a library, and classes and lectures are arranged which the well-behaved prisoners can attend. But more important still is the voluntary band of devoted visitors which is attached to every prison. These people make it their task to visit the prisoners frequently, to talk with them, to help them with companionship and advice, and, as far as possible, with friendship too. Such a distance have we come from the days when Howard was chosen High Sheriff of Bedfordshire.

[Howard, 1726(?)–90; chosen High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, 1773. Elizabeth Fry, 1780–1845.]

CHAPTER VII

The Bobbies

IT is just a hundred years ago since the first "Bobby" began to pace the streets of London. Now when we see the tall policeman with his white gloves, holding up the crowded traffic, while the people stream across the road, it seems hard to believe that there was ever a time when the Bobby did not exist.

Yet there was such a time. And in those days every parish had to keep order in its boundaries, but the work was done very badly. In London itself the Lord Mayor had some paid police under his control, but they were not much use. Outside the limits of the old city, in all that growing mass of towns and villages which we think of as London to-day, things were very bad indeed.

By night the work was done by the watchmen. They were nicknamed "Charlies," for they had been reorganised in Charles II's time, and every one laughed at them. They were decrepit old men, whose duty it was to patrol the streets around their sentry boxes. With banging stick and swinging lantern the Charlie would make his round through the dark streets, ringing his bell and crying the hour: "Past Twelve of the Clock, and a cold and wintry night." The householder, warm in his bed, would turn over and grumble at being awakened, and the thief would hear the watchman coming and dodge up the alley to

hide till he had passed. So the Charlie would go back to his box and snooze for another hour before making his round again. Perhaps some roisterers coming home late would overturn the box on top of him and steal his rattle, for this was always thought a famous joke.

By day each parish had its constables, but they were not like our policemen of to-day. They were often men who made their living by serving in place of those citizens who were chosen each year by the parish to act as constables. And they made their money in a terrible way. The constable got a reward for all the criminals whom he caught. The worse the crime the higher the reward. So it happened that a constable might often encourage a young thief in his evil ways until he had committed a great offence, for which the highest reward of forty pounds was due. It was said that a young thief "does not weigh 40 lbs. yet."

So this evil system flourished ; decrepit watchmen by night and bad constables working for "blood-money" by day. London became a home of wickedness, for many people lived by their crimes, although those who were caught were always punished in a harsh and cruel manner. There were areas in the town where the well-known criminal could live in safety, and there no constable dared to go. At times the thieves and pickpockets hung round the corners of certain streets and openly jostled and annoyed the passers-by, and no one stopped them. Dickens gives us a terrible picture of Fagan and his gang of criminals in *Oliver Twist*, and the picture was true to life.

Things were so bad that some attempts had been made to improve them, but their success was small. At the famous police court in Bow Street the

magistrate had a few paid policemen under his charge, but they were chiefly used as detectives. These "Bow Street runners" became famous for the vigour with which they would follow up and capture a thief. But these "thief takers" were as bad as the constables, and they would only act if they were certain of a large reward, or if they were first paid by the person who had been robbed. Even then some of them were in league with the thieves. A few of these Bow Street police were used to patrol some of the London streets, but they could only watch the chief thoroughfares.

Outside the town, in the country roads and lanes, things were even worse. Old women going to market with their money hid in a stocking, or people riding in a stage-coach, with their guineas in a purse, went in fear and trembling. Sometimes it was a tramp or footpad, who would jump out and seize the money from the traveller. Often it was the highwaymen, who would come galloping up with masks on their faces and with their pistols drawn, and force the coach to stop. "Your money or your life," was their demand, and as soon as the unlucky passengers had been forced to hand over their purses, away the highwaymen would go, and no one dared to follow.

So common did this become that certain places were specially dangerous, and although a highwayman was certain to be hanged if he were caught, many scoundrels used actually ^{not} to make a living in this way. The names of some, such as Dick Turpin, have come down to us; and songs and ballads were written about their famous deeds. All over England,

on any lonely heath or bare highroad, one might meet a highwayman ; so travelling was a dangerous thing, and most people went armed, hoping to defend themselves.

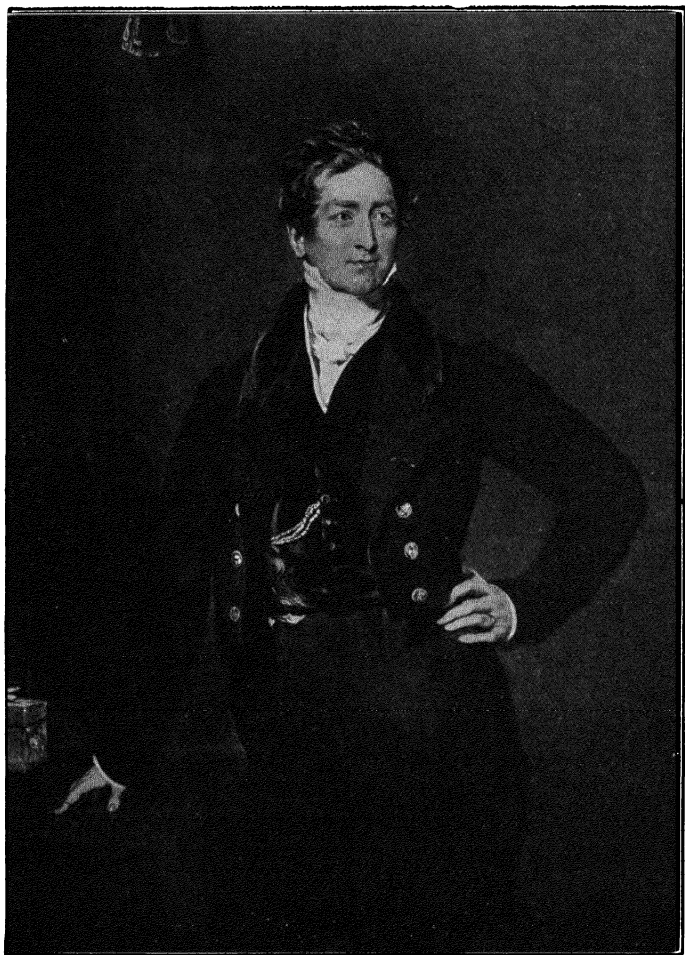
Around London things were worst, for to and from the great city went all the richest travellers, on horseback or by coach. At last the magistrates at Bow Street determined to protect these travellers if they could. So they arranged for a number of mounted policemen to patrol all the main roads from London for ten or fifteen miles each night. Two men were assigned to each highway, and rode in opposite directions at a steady trot. These "Robin Redbreasts," with their scarlet waistcoats and swinging cutlasses, carried pistols which they were not afraid to use. As they approached each traveller they cried aloud, "Bow Street patrol," and soon they made the main roads safe from the fear of highwaymen. But they could never look after the by-ways and lanes, and there rogues and footpads flourished. The very fact that the Robin Redbreasts always passed at a fixed time was well known. One thief was captured with a time-table in his pocket, which showed the times and arrangements of all the patrols round London !

All this work on the highways round London did nothing to improve matters in the town itself. A few new magistrates' offices were set up, with a small party of police in imitation of Bow Street. This made no real difference. Nothing could be done until the whole of the old system of parishes, with their decrepit Charlies and their dishonest constables, was swept right away. It was Sir Robert Peel, who

was Home Secretary just a hundred years ago, who took this step. His office in the Government made him responsible for law and order. He had been much interested in the ideas of the prison reformers, such as our friends John Howard and Mrs. Fry, and he had already abolished many of the cruel old punishments which had been in use. Now he determined to give London a new police system.

He planned a new police force which should extend over an area within twenty miles of Charing Cross, but the city of London itself was still left to the Lord Mayor, and to this day its police are separately organised. Thus the new area was outside the old city and covered all the outer parts of London, even extending into the country districts round about, though to-day the town has grown right out beyond. Peel chose two men to manage the police under him, the one a lawyer and the other a soldier. They divided the whole area into divisions, each with its police-station and its company of police under a special head. You can tell the different divisions to this day by the letters on a policeman's collar and helmet.

All the new police were young and vigorous men, and of good character. They were dressed in uniform, with a whistle to call each other in case of need, and they were armed with a short staff or truncheon, with which they could give a rogue a smart blow if necessary. Yet Peel's police looked very different from our police of to-day, for they had top-hats instead of helmets, cut-away coats instead of the familiar blue tunics, and long side-whiskers instead of the clean-shaven face we know so well to-day.



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Who founded the Police Force and repealed the Corn Laws (p. 114).

The change in greater London was amazing. Within a year the whole area had been organised, the new police enlisted, and the regular beats set out, along which the police would patrol from time to time. In a very short time the old gangs of criminals were broken up, the slums where they lived were "combed out," and the streets became safe by day and by night. Of course, there were still thieves and rogues as there are to-day, but the whole state of the town was changed. The new police were taught that it was their duty to prevent crime, not to encourage the criminal in the hope of a large reward. Indeed, the system of blood-money was abolished, and it was explained that the best police "division" was that in which there was least crime.

Thus London set an example to the rest of England. Soon the great cities began to reorganise their police on the London plan. In many cases, such as Liverpool and Manchester, the cities chose the organiser from the ranks of Peel's new police. In Liverpool it was estimated at the time of the change that there were 1200 children known to the constables as thieves, but the great cities of the north were soon so altered that people could scarcely believe it. Later the country-side followed suit. Thus there came into being those country police we all know so well, slowly pacing along the village street, or riding on their bicycles along the country lanes.

So quickly did Peel's police get to work in London that the whole reform was carried out before most people realised it. All the old constables and Charlies were abolished, and the police belonging to Bow Street and the other police officers were

absorbed. At first the new police were unpopular. All those who had lost their jobs were jealous, while the thieves and rogues hated the new police. Other people feared them for different reasons, and thought that the Government might use them to interfere with the liberty of men who were opposed to them. Everyone was very excited at that time, as the struggle for the great "Reform Bill" was going on. One of



CARTOON OF THE NEW POLICE, IN "PUNCH."

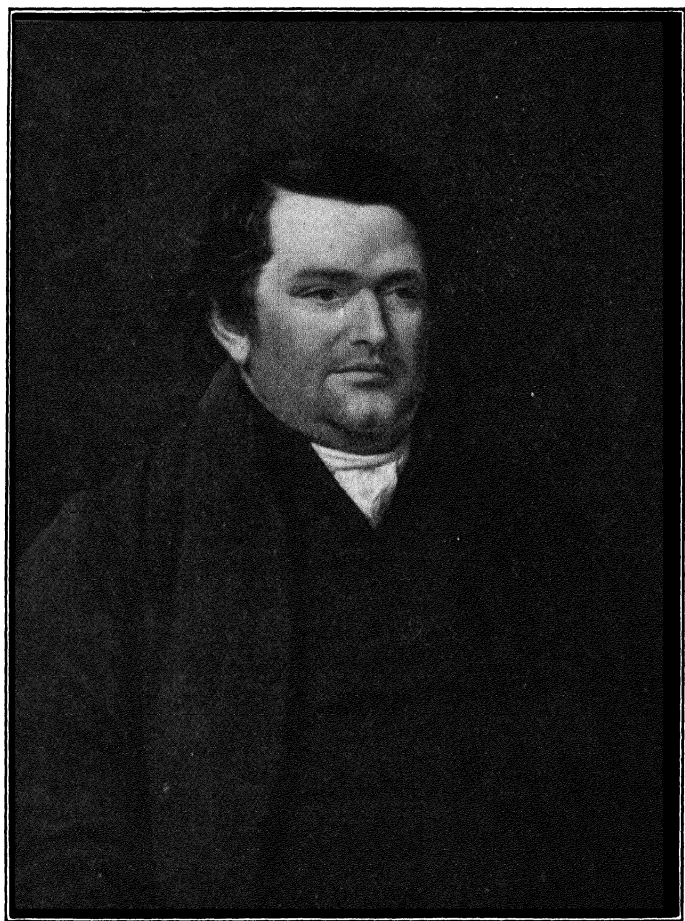
the newspaper writers of the day, William Cobbett, expresses this feeling when he wrote a little later: "I have a rooted hatred to this police establishment; I hate it because it is of foreign growth, and because it is French."

Soon the excitement died down when it was seen that every careless or unworthy policeman was at once discharged. Londoners became proud of their new police, and christened them in friendly fashion after their founder, "Peelers" and "Bobbies."

The first great work of Peel's police was to make the streets safe for honest people by day and by night, and to prevent crime, so that the criminal became the exception rather than the rule. They did this well and quickly, but there is another great thing to remember about them. Before they existed there was no way in which to control big crowds. Sometimes when there was much excitement over some political question, the magistrate whose duty it was to keep order would bring soldiers in to help him. This was always a bad thing, and often led to fighting, in which innocent people were hurt and killed.

Now with the Peelers all this was altered. The police were only civilians, as their top-hats well showed. They had no fire-arms and so they could not shoot, and they soon learned the trick of managing a crowd with a smile and a joke which made the people laugh. For when people laugh they can't remain angry for long. This is where Peel's police and our police of to-day are different from the police of almost any other country. They have no sword by their side, no revolver in their belt, no bludgeon swinging from their hands as we see in the "Pictures," but only a big smile and a little truncheon carefully hidden away out of sight. So when we see a big policeman helping a crowd of school children across the busy road, or pacing along at night, flashing his lantern against the lock of each shop to see that it is safely shut, we can think of the "Bobby" as perhaps the greatest gift of Sir Robert Peel to the English people.

[Peel, 1788-1850. Metropolitan police organised, 1829.]



JOSEPH LANCASTER
The founder of schools.

CHAPTER VIII

The Three Rs

A CENTURY and more ago there stood a large building in the Borough Road, in Southwark, on the south side of the Thames. You would have heard a strange babel of sounds if you had chanced to be passing by. It was the Royal Free School, recently founded by Joseph Lancaster, and if you had gone in with one of the distinguished visitors who were often calling to see the school, you would have been surprised. No quiet order, no separate classrooms, with bright flowers in the window, no sets of pleasant reading books. Instead the whole school was like a great barn, and from the gallery you would have looked down on six or seven hundred boys, all looking at a reading sheet hung on the wall, and shouting in chorus, "L E A P . . . leap, to jump."

In front of each little group there is a bigger boy, a "monitor"; while the only master, Joseph Lancaster, stands in the middle, fat and smiling, and very proud of his school. As soon as the arithmetic lesson starts, the monitor sings out to his class the sum, and exactly how to work it. All the boys copy this on their slates, and another monitor watches the slates, to see they make no mistakes. For reading books there is only the Bible, for writing there are slates, or better still, the sanded floor for the little ones. The whole school is working like a noisy

machine ; the master tells the monitors what to do, and they teach the little classes in the midst of a continuous clatter.

This famous school was started just at the time when the Napoleonic wars began, by Joseph Lancaster, who was the son of an army pensioner living in South London. Joseph had a keen desire to teach, and his father lent him a little room in which to start. There were very few schools for poor children in those days, and Joseph was really an able teacher, so his school grew quickly.

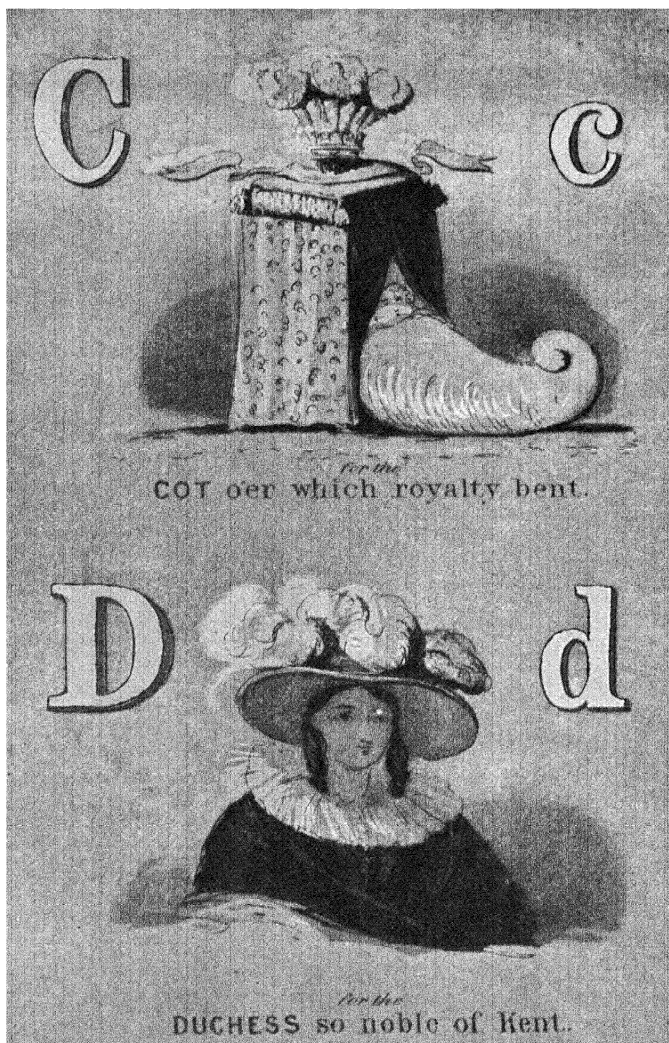
He could not afford an assistant, but he hit on the idea of making the elder boys teach the rest. The whole school was divided into classes of ten or more, and the monitors passed on to their classes what they learnt from Lancaster. There were all sorts of tricks to help the scheme, badges for the monitors, prizes and presents for the good children, and quaint punishments for the lazy. "A dirty boy had his face washed by a girl before the school ; a truant was tied in a blanket and left so for the night ; others were tied up in a sack and hung from a beam in view of all the children, or their legs and arms were shackled, or they were fixed into a wooden yoke, and made to parade the school walking backwards."

One day Lancaster put up a notice over his school door : "All who will may send their children and have them educated freely (the expense of writing books excepted), and those to whom the above offer may not prove acceptable may pay for them at a very moderate price." After that he soon had more than five hundred pupils, and by now he was no

longer a private schoolmaster in a back street, but a man so famous that the old King George III sent for him to learn about his work. Lancaster was a "Friend," and we can imagine the amusing scene, in which the strict Quaker stood with his wide-brimmed hat on his head, while the King "remained condescendingly uncovered, or at least holding his hat above his head." The King was so pleased with all he heard that he gave Lancaster a hundred pounds a year to help his school.

Lancaster was now a great man. He wrote and published pamphlets about his "system." He travelled all over the country lecturing and founding new schools. At Borough Road itself he set up a school for girls and also a training college, where teachers should be trained for his new schools all through the country. But although Lancaster was so clever at founding new schools, he did not pay much attention to business. All these journeys cost him lots of money, and he soon found himself in debt.

By now the "Lancastrian Schools" were becoming so well known that people were willing to help Lancaster in his plans. At first one or two friends joined him and formed a small committee. They gave him money and persuaded others to join them and to form the "Royal Lancastrian Institution," but Lancaster was getting his head turned by success and popularity. He travelled far and near; he went to Ireland and to Scotland preaching his ideas, and spending money right and left. He began to quarrel with his committee, who tried to check his extravagance, and at last he parted from them.



A CHILD'S ALPHABET BOOK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
The baby is the future Queen Victoria, and the Duchess of Kent her mother.

They refounded their society as "The British and Foreign Schools Society," while Lancaster went off to lecture in America. He always felt rather sore at this treatment. "They literally choused me out," he complained.

The story of Lancaster and his schools links together many of the "servants of their generation" whose stories we have been telling in this book. They were all interested in the idea of education, though, as we shall learn, they did not always see eye to eye about it. Lancaster's first committee contained Dr. Fox, a London dentist, who was an enthusiast for Jenner's new discovery of vaccination, and at first he wanted to use the schools to push the idea. Then there was William Allen, a famous Quaker and founder of the firm of chemists known as Allen & Hanbury, whose name is still remembered in Allenbury's Food. Allen was the great strength of the committee, and a partner with Robert Owen in his model factory—but that is a story we shall tell later. Owen, too, was a great believer in education, and helped Lancaster by lending money for his schools. Then Wilberforce and his friend Clarkson joined the committee, and we shall see that they sent negroes to be trained at Borough Road.

Lastly, there was Francis Place, the radical tailor, but he had very different ideas from the rest of the committee. At first they welcomed his plan for spreading the schools throughout the rest of London and building up secondary schools as well. So he founded the West London Lancastrian Association

and started a school under its control, but quarrels soon began. Place was an energetic man and wanted to improve the school books. He drew up a plan for a series of illustrated Readers, not unlike those we have to-day. The committee disagreed with him, for they would allow no lesson "unless it was taken from the Scriptures," and some of them feared that Place wanted to abolish Bible reading altogether. Soon other differences arose, and at last Place retired to give his attention to other things.

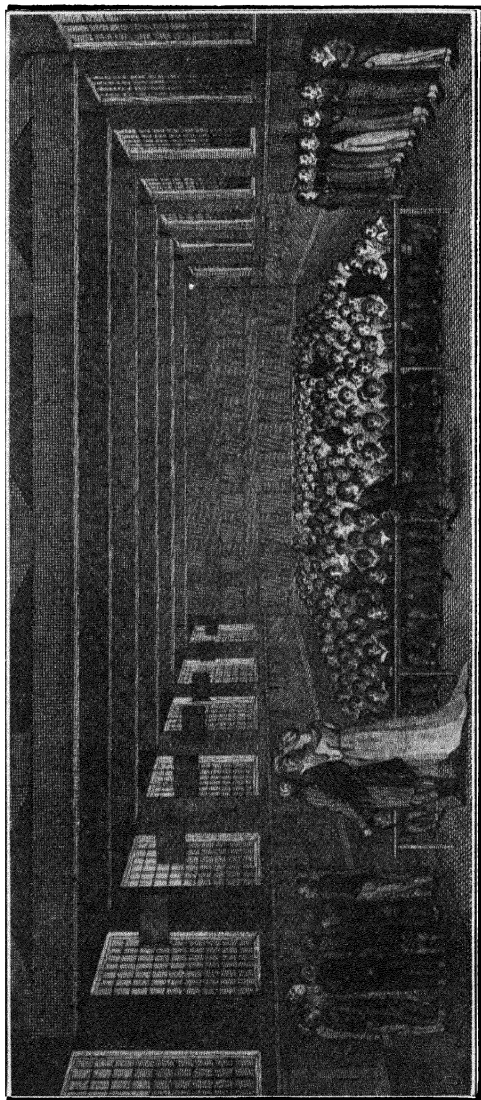
The most interesting work at Borough Road was done in the Training College. Here were gathered together the young men, very often little more than boys, who were to go out to found new schools on Lancaster's model. At first there were only a few, and they formed part of Lancaster's "family" and often actually lived with him. Later, when there were more in number, they had to live in a special house at Borough Road, and soon accommodation was found for women too. In the early days, Lancaster sought throughout his journeys to find bright lads—"Jerusalem Blades" as he called them—to train as teachers. To them were added youths from different countries as the news of Lancaster's work spread.

Within a few years we find a Dane, a boy from Otaheite, "George" and "Billy," a couple of negroes from Sierra Leone, boys from Ireland, and young soldiers sent by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, who hoped to set up Lancastrian schools for the Army. When the Napoleonic wars were ended the victorious monarchs visited London, and the Czar came to see the work at Borough Road.

He promptly sent four Russian youths for training. Missionaries and soldiers, boys from Greece, Arab lads, "two Buddha priests" from India, and eight lads from Madagascar are among the many visitors from overseas who were trained at Borough Road in the early days. This all shows us the interest the society was taking in schools abroad, and many attempts were made to spread the "system" in foreign countries.

Meanwhile, there was another society at work in England, which soon had more schools under its control than Lancaster. This was the "National society," and it was started soon after Lancaster's work became widely known. Its founders were all members of the Church of England, and they wished to make sure that in their schools the children should all be taught the doctrines of their Church. The real founder was Dr. Bell, a man whose career is nearly as interesting as that of Lancaster. He went out to India as an Army chaplain, and while there he became head of an orphanage which the East India Company had just started. Here he found some native schools using a "monitorial" system, and as he had few masters to help him he soon adapted it for his orphanage. When he came back to England he wrote a little book about it.

Later, when the "Lancastrian system" was in full swing, many people began to think that the Church of England should have its own schools, where the catechism should be taught too. So Dr. Bell was asked to found a new society for this



A MONITORIAL SCHOOL.

Two classes with their monitors are standing up. Other classes are sitting, with their monitors standing in front of them. Visitors are inspecting the school.

purpose. Lancaster had at first been friends with Bell, but later they became rivals, and a silly quarrel arose as to which had first discovered the "monitorial system." This does not matter to us to-day. The real importance of these schools was that by the use of monitors the few good teachers could instruct many pupils. These schools, too, were the first to give good teaching to large numbers of the poorer children. It was Lancaster's energy which started them, and it was in competition with Lancaster and his friends that the "National Society" was founded. Lancaster's pun was justified when he said, "I have put a clapper into their Bell."

So Bell's National Society flourished. It had soon far more members than the earlier society, and it quickly built schools throughout the countryside, and in many of the big towns. The British and Foreign Society, however, had few schools outside the large towns and cities.

Of course there were other schools in England besides those of Bell and Lancaster. For the well-to-do there were grammar schools, which had been founded in earlier days. Then for poorer folk there were the charity schools, which had been started more recently by good people who wished to help the poor children, but these schools always had a taste of servitude about them. The children wore a special dress, they were only taught the most elementary things, and they were often despised as "charity children." Then there were the private schools, run by anyone who wanted to make a few pence or had nothing better to do. We hear a lot about these schools, generally in a single room, and

kept by people who often knew practically nothing. A helpless cripple who could not stand up, a cloth weaver "who took to schooling because trade was slack," or an old dame who could scarce spell.

In one school we are told: "It is very hard to keep the boys quiet. . . . There is nothing for them to do but write, and when they have done slateful after slateful they get tired. The only other lessons they do consist of reading and a little spelling; none of them learn to cipher." In another school the master complained that "he wished he was a bit younger, and if he were he could learn them a few ditties, and the time would pass away quicker."

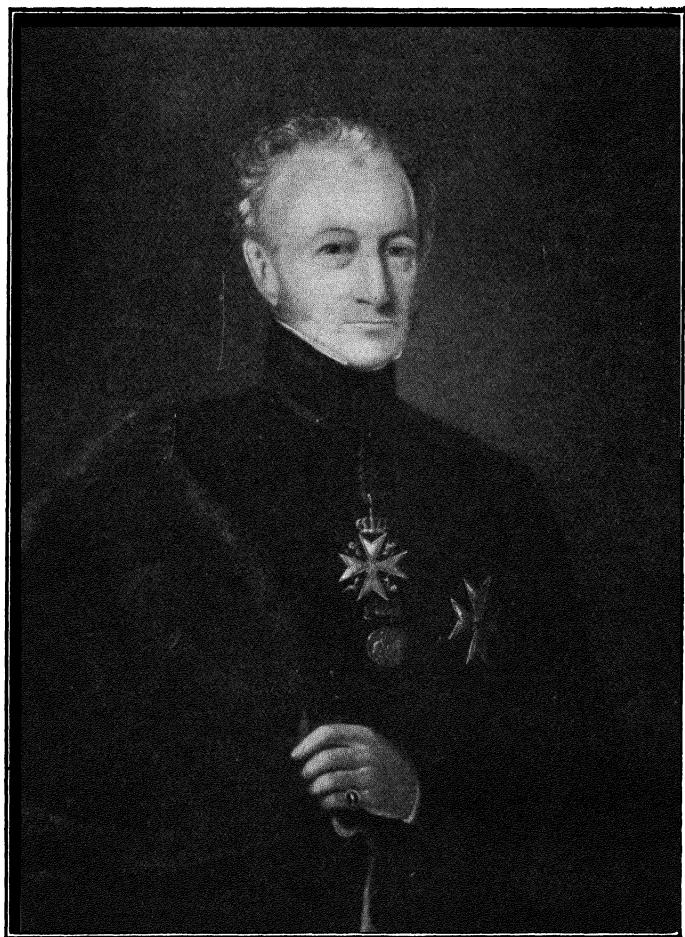
Such schools as these were common in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, but by then people had begun to feel that the Government ought to arrange that every child should be educated properly. Ideas about education had been changing, and it was realised that the "monitorial system," which had seemed such a wonderful idea when Lancaster first started his school, was really only a second best. What was needed was separate classrooms, small classes, and good, well-trained teachers, but all this could only come gradually. Even to-day in many schools there are classes of forty and fifty or more.

For a good many years the Government had been helping the schools of both societies with money. At last, some sixty years ago, a law was passed which arranged for new schools to be built at the public expense wherever there were no good schools at the time. Every child had to go to school, and soon all fees for the elementary schools were abolished. Only a few years before this the right to vote for

Members of Parliament had been given to almost all the men of the country, yet thousands of them could neither read nor write. This was absurd, and so the Government decided to "educate their masters."

Thus we come to the end of our story, for we cannot follow all the different Acts of Parliament by which the education system as we know it to-day was built up. Yet we can see how different the schools are to-day from what they were a hundred years ago. Now we have free schools and free books, songs and dancing, swimming, drill, and games, school clinics and welfare work to see that the children are healthy, and even meals for those who are too poor to be well fed at home. For those who want to go further, there are scholarships and free places to the secondary schools, and on again to the technical colleges and the University. So the poorest child, if he has brains and grit, may have as good an education as any in the land.

[Lancaster, 1778-1838. Dr. Bell, 1753-1832; founder
National Society, 1811.]



SIR WILLIAM HILLARY.
The founder of the Royal National Life-boat Institution.

CHAPTER IX

Those that go down to the Sea in Ships

EVERYBODY has seen a life-boat, and most people have given a few pence and worn the little badge on the annual life-boat day. But few of those who have admired the bright colours and graceful lines of the life-boat on their summer holidays have ever seen a life-boat put to sea. For it is during the autumn and winter gales that the life-boats are most required.

Imagine the scene on a dark and stormy night, with a gale blowing in from the sea, and an occasional scurry of rain which cuts like a knife. Suddenly a rocket flares up out of the blackness to seaward. A watcher ashore has noticed it, and above the roar of the wind we hear the loud explosions of the signal maroons. Within a few minutes the sturdy fisherfolk who form the life-boat crew come stumbling through the dark lanes, pulling on jersey or sou'-wester as they run. Soon they are buckled into their great life-belts, and a crowd of willing helpers, women as well as men, harness the horses to the big carriage and drag it from the house across the sands to the edge of the thundering surf. Here horses can do no more, and men and women wade breast deep to thrust the boat out to sea, while the crew pull desperately with their oars.

This is one of the older pulling and sailing boats, and it is difficult to launch her against the storm,

but it is done at last. Then with a small sail hoisted the boat beats across towards the spluttering flare, which is still showing from the deck of the little fishing smack as she lies drifting helpless towards the sand-bank. Here the coxswain of the life-boat has a difficult task. He must take care lest his boat, too, gets blown upon the sands, and becomes a wreck. So he anchors her away to windward, and steadied by the anchor rope, he gradually drifts down towards the wreck. When near enough he fires a rope across the ship with his rocket gun, and by this means all the crew are dragged one by one aboard the life-boat. Then away again for the shore, drenched to the skin, cold and exhausted, but safe. Such happenings as these take place each year all around our coasts, for to-day we have life-boats at every danger spot.

Now let us go back and see how the life-boat service began, just one hundred and forty years ago, with the building of the *Original*. One terrible stormy day the good ship *Adventure*, sailing from Hull to Dundee, ran ashore at South Shields. No rescue boat could hope to live in the immense breakers, although the *Adventure* was only three hundred yards from shore, and so the crowd watched in horror while the crew dropped one by one into the sea and perished.

“The Gentlemen of the Lawe House,” a club which overlooked the sea, promptly offered a prize for the best design for a life-boat. A great many people joined in the competition, and from these different designs they got Henry Greathead to build

the *Original*, which had a wide band of cork all round to make her buoyant, and a heavy iron keel to keep her stable. We can see from the picture on the first page that the *Original* was an open boat, and had only oars and no sails. Yet the *Original* was stationed at South Shields for over forty years, until she broke in two upon the rocks. She saved some hundreds of lives and never lost one of her crew.

In the next fourteen years Greathead built over thirty life-boats. Some of them were sent abroad, but most were bought by private people, and stationed at dangerous places around the British coasts. Meanwhile, another inventor, Lukin, who was a coachbuilder by trade, had designed a second type of life-boat which could be sailed as well as rowed by oars. But still the work of life-saving was a local affair ; there were only a few life-boats, and many dangerous places had none at all.

It was Sir William Hillary who changed this. From his house at Fort Ann, overlooking the stormy waters of Douglas Bay in the Isle of Man, he had seen many a wreck. Time and again he had put off most bravely in open boats to the rescue of their crews. Hillary determined that he would found a National Institution, as the best way to organise the life-saving work around the coasts. A great meeting was held in London, with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, and all the statesmen of the day helped in the new cause. Thus just one hundred years ago the Royal National Life-boat Institution was founded, and it took over the scattered life-boats. The work grew quickly, for the new society built more boats, provided boathouses and equipment,

gave rewards for gallantry, and compensation for those who were injured.

The true story of the life-boats, however, is not in the way they were organised, but in the bravery and self-sacrifice with which they were served. One story is world famous. One stormy night on the lonely Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast, the lighthouse keeper saw a distressed steamer on the rocks, where the crew were in danger of drowning, or of death by exposure. No life-boat was near, and the keeper had only an open boat—a cobbler—and no one to help him except his daughter, Grace Darling, who was just twenty-three. Together they rowed out in the furious seas, well knowing that they could not make their way back without the help of some of the shipwrecked crew. By this means the crew of seven were saved, and Grace became a national heroine, and well deserved the silver medal which the Life-boat Institution gave her.

Yet for many years the Life-boat Institution was a small affair, despite its successful start. The money which its friends subscribed annually was not enough to keep the life-boats in service up to date and in good repair. It needed another disaster to shake people out of their carelessness. This came when the life-boat *Providence* capsized at the mouth of the Tyne, and most of her crew were drowned. It was a sad tragedy, but it had one good result. The society was reorganised, and people all over the country began to take an interest in its work.

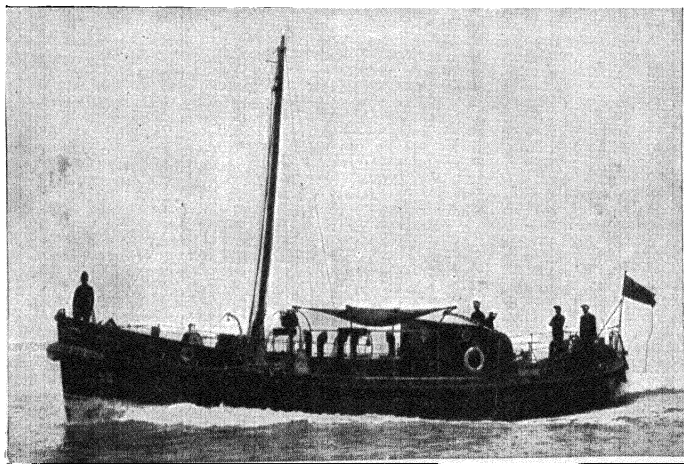
The Duke of Northumberland, its new President, determined that the time had come to design a new type of life-boat—if possible one which could

not suffer the disaster of the *Providence*. So, as at the first, a prize was offered for the best design, and this was won by James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth. His new boat is much like one which is still in use to-day. It had great air-tight compartments fore and aft to make it buoyant. It had a device which enabled the water to drain away through valves as quickly as it came aboard. Best of all, it was "self-righting." This was an arrangement to ensure that a boat which had capsized would come right side up again. Wouldhave, the painter, in the first competition at South Shields, had hit on the same idea, as appears from his little model in the museum there. But in those early days it was not adopted, and now Beeching used it as a fresh idea for his new boats.

Now the society went ahead quickly. One after another new life-boats were built, and new stations were set up all round the coast. The society learnt much from the fisherfolk. The different weather conditions along the coast had led them in time past gradually to evolve boats of different shape and size. Now the society tried different designs for their life-boats, until at last they had six main types. The fisherfolk, who of their own free will form the crew of the life-boats, were always allowed to choose which type they thought safest for their own coast.

One good story is told of some Cornish men who had come to see the new self-righting boat, of which the society were so proud. But they did not like the idea at all. They wanted a boat which would not capsize, not one which would right herself afterwards. So grumbling cheerfully in their broad dialect they chose one of the older type.

So far all the boats had been driven by sails, or pulled by oars, but this was very heavy work. It was sometimes quite impossible to launch a boat against the wind and sea, and even if she were launched, a boat often could not manage to get near enough to a wreck to cast a rope to her. So the society tried to build steam life-boats. In some of



A MODERN MOTOR LIFE-BOAT.

these the sea water was sucked in through a pipe and forced out astern ; and in others the boat was driven by screws, as in other steamships. But there were many difficulties about using steam engines in life-boats, which were liable to be completely smothered by the waves.

Then came the invention of the motor engine to help the life-boat. Many experiments were tried, and at last a wonderful engine was developed which

was not only completely watertight (for it could actually run when entirely covered with water), but which would shut itself off if the boat capsized. Thus there was no danger that the boat might capsize and then run away from the crew while they were still struggling in the water. Now since the Great War the motor life-boat is quickly replacing the old pulling and sailing boat. It is able to do far better service. It can get away to sea in the face of any gale, and it can be manœuvred and come alongside a wreck in a way which was quite impossible with the older boats.

As we come to the end of our story we can picture to ourselves the chain of life-boat stations all round the coast. We can see the modern motor life-boat, such as that at New Brighton, always afloat and ever ready for sea; or the older type of pulling and sailing boats, such as that at Moelfre in Anglesey, which did such good work a few years ago. We see the crews, fisherfolk and boatmen, always ready to venture their lives when the signal goes. And there passes before us a great pageant of those who have made the service. Lukin the coach-builder and Wouldhave the painter, who designed the early boats; Henry Greathead and Thomas Beeching, the famous boat-builders; Sir William Hillary, the founder, who actually saved more than three hundred lives as a member of a life-boat's crew himself. But finest of all is the endless stream of sturdy coxswains and their gallant crews, the nameless heroes of the bravest service in the world.

[Wreck of the *Adventure*, 1789. Sir William Hillary, 1771-1847. Royal National Life-boat Institution founded, 1824.]



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

CHAPTER X

Penny Postage

ONE day a little over a hundred years ago, the poet Coleridge was strolling through a village near Keswick in the Lakes, when he saw an old woman arguing with a postman. She could not pay for the letter which he had brought her, for in those days the postage had to be paid at the door. Coleridge was so sorry for the old woman that he paid the shilling and gave her the letter. But as soon as the postman was safely out of sight she tore the letter open, and showed her kind friend that it contained nothing but an empty sheet. Of course, Coleridge was amazed, but the woman explained that this was only an arrangement she had made with her son to save the great cost of postage. He was away from home, but sent her regularly an empty envelope. When she saw his handwriting she knew that he was well, and so she could refuse the letter, and not have to pay the postman.

Of course this trick was really a fraud on the Post Office, but Coleridge felt sorry for the old woman rather than annoyed at her dishonesty. For in those days so many people felt the difficulty of paying the heavy postage that all sorts of tricks were invented to avoid it. A letter was an expensive luxury, for it might cost a shilling or even more for a single sheet, according to the distance it had come.

The money soon mounted up if more than one sheet was sent, or if it was posted at a great distance.

If we want to understand why it cost so much to send a letter then we must realise that when the Post Office began, it was not meant to carry letters for ordinary people. The first postmen were the King's couriers, who only carried the King's orders to and fro. You can still sometimes see letters which come through the post marked "On His Majesty's Service," such as demands for the payment of taxes. Gradually the postmen began to carry letters for private people as well, and to charge them a fee for doing it.

By the time that Charles II was King, a regular post was at work, but it was run for the profit of the King and his servants, and not to give a cheap service to the people of the country. Then one clever man, named William Dockwra, did start a penny post for the London district. He arranged ten deliveries a day, and had post boxes at almost every street corner. The King's postmaster was very jealous, and Dockwra's service was stopped. Since then no one has been allowed to carry letters except the Post Office. We say that the Post Office has a "monopoly." That is why to-day, though you may send a parcel by train or carrier, or even back home from the shops by tram, the only way in which you can send a letter is through the post.

At last by Queen Victoria's reign there were regular posts all over the country. Great four-wheeled mail-vans, drawn by swift horses, rattled along the new roads, instead of the horseman "riding post." The number of letters sent each

year had increased greatly, but one thing remained the same. To send a letter by post was still a costly affair.

Things are very different to-day. A double rap at the door, a rattle of the letter-box, and down falls a small shower of letters. Penny stamps on the postcards, and penny halfpenny ones on the letters ; it does not cost much to write to your friend. If we post a letter to Australia, or to someone in the next street, it costs us just the same, and every one writes letters nowadays. This great change is mainly the work of one man. It was Sir Rowland Hill "who gave us penny postage."

When he was a little boy Rowland lived at Birmingham with his father, who was a schoolmaster. He was a bright and clever lad, with such a head for figures that he was nicknamed "the calculating machine." When he was only twelve he was helping in his father's school, and soon a new school called "Hazlewood" was built, where Rowland and his father tried some of his new ideas. They did away with all the old-fashioned punishments, and made the school a little self-governing republic. They were so clever and kind in their work that the school soon became a great success.

But Rowland Hill did not want to remain a schoolmaster all his life, and he turned his brains to one thing after another. He thought out several new inventions. The cleverest was a printing machine. In those days newspapers had to have each sheet printed separately in a hand press. Hill's machine

would print the news on a continuous strip of paper, which ran between rollers, rather like clothes going through a mangle. The strip was afterwards cut up into separate papers. But the Government were so stupid that they would not allow the new machine to be used. In those days each sheet of paper on which the news was printed had to pay a tax and be stamped. The Government feared that the rolls of paper might be printed without being stamped, and so escape the tax. For many years Hill's invention could not be used, though to-day all papers are printed on a machine like his, and printed much more cheaply and quickly than ever before.

Now although Hill became famous, and rich too in his later life, he was very poor when he was young. He tells us how he and his family almost dreaded the postman's knock. "At that early period, when we were straitened in means, his rap was not always welcome; the demand [for payment] being certain, and always inconvenient, the recompense in the way of news doubtful. Tradesmen's circulars, in particular, which sometimes came from a considerable distance, and always unpaid, were great causes of disappointment and irritation." One wonders what Hill would think of the flood of circulars which tumble into our letter-boxes to-day. At least they are always stamped now, thanks to him.

To this question of postage also Rowland Hill turned his clever brain. In the year in which Queen Victoria came to the throne he wrote a little pamphlet which was so clear that it soon made every one agree with his ideas. He collected a lot of figures, and argued very carefully, and explained

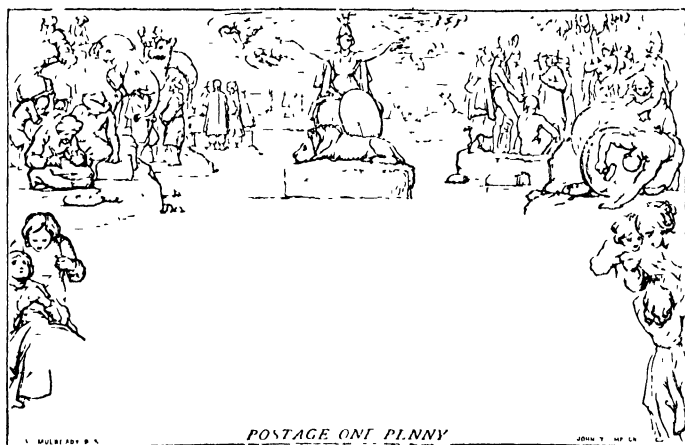
that the chief cost of the postal service was the collecting and then the delivering of letters one by one. The actual carrying the letters from town to town did not cost much, because they were all carried together. So he explained that it was not fair to charge more for a letter if it came from a distant place instead of from nearby.

Then he suggested three great changes. First, all letters weighing not more than half an ounce were to go anywhere in the British Isles for a penny. Next, everybody who posted a letter was to pay for it, instead of leaving the postman to collect the money at the door. Lastly, he suggested that the best way to make sure of this was to sell a penny stamp, which people must stick on their letters before posting them.

These arguments were so clear, and the difficulties and inconvenience of the old methods so great, that Parliament quickly accepted his plans. A competition was held to see if any better suggestions could be made, but no one could improve on Hill's ideas. So three years later the penny postage began. Of course some people said that it would never pay to take letters so cheaply. Fancy carrying a letter from Land's End to John o' Groats for a copper! Hill explained that when letters only cost a penny, every one would write to their friends, and write often, instead of merely sending lots of messages in another person's letter. This proved to be true. For very soon the number of letters increased so greatly that the Post Office was making more money than ever before.

Most people did without envelopes then, folding

their notepaper together, writing the address on the outside, and sealing it with wax. For these people there were the new penny stamps. "Bits of sticking plaster for dabbing on to letters," as one of the newspapers called them with a laugh. These first stamps were the famous Black Pennies, which every boy hopes that he may one day find for his collection. The colour was soon changed to the well-known



'THE MULREADY ENVELOPE, 1840.

brick red, and so they are quite rare. Then there was another way to pay for a letter at first. That was to buy a penny "Mulready Envelope," but these soon went out of fashion. Then everybody used plain envelopes and stuck on the stamp as we do to-day.

The Government gave Rowland Hill an important position in the Post Office to start the new system, but the old fogies there were very jealous. They did not like the change, and after a few years they

managed to persuade Sir Robert Peel to get rid of Hill. But people were so disgusted with his treatment that he was soon called back to the Post Office, and there he spent the rest of his active life. Still, in the short time of his absence he was not idle. He turned his attention to the new railways, and while he was chairman of the Brighton line he thought of two brilliant ideas. He started the first cheap excursion, and the first express trains.

The penny post was only the beginning of many changes in the Post Office which makes it touch us in every part of our life to-day. Gradually the penny post was extended to the Empire, then to the U.S.A., and to France. Soon a postcard or a newspaper could be sent for a mere halfpenny. To-day the red pillar boxes are everywhere. The Post Office carries our letters and parcels, and even collects Cash on Delivery for the shopkeeper. It looks after our savings in its bank, sells us postal orders, insurance stamps or wireless licences, pays our old age pensions, sends our telegrams and looks after our telephones. The real reason for its great success was the penny postage, and this was the idea of Sir Rowland Hill, a man of wide interests and great ability. We are in his debt to-day, when we read our newspaper, when we take a day excursion to Brighton or travel non-stop from London to Edinburgh; but, above all, when we post our letters, paying with a small stamp for their journey to the end of the land.

[Rowland Hill, 1795-1879. Penny post established, 1839. The postage was raised to 2d. during the Great War of 1914-1918, and is now 1½d.]



ROBERT OWEN.
The founder of Co-operation.

CHAPTER XI

The Rochdale Pioneers

ALMOST everybody nowadays knows about the "Co-op." In most big towns, and in the villages roundabout, there are Co-operative stores. Here you may buy your groceries, meat and bread, and often boots and clothing too. All sorts of people shop at these stores; some buy all their goods there, but others only go for special things. Then at the end of the year, when the accounts are made up, the profits are divided out amongst the customers, so that if you have bought all your goods at the store you get a larger "dividend" than if you have only bought coal or bread.

Many people all over England look forward every year to this dividend, for so they are able to save up for their summer holiday, or for a Christmas treat. Some people let their money stay and accumulate, and in this way they gradually have a "nest egg" for times of trouble. Let us try to see first how the new idea of Co-operation began, and then how it was put into practice, so that it spread all over England, and, indeed, all over the world. Our first picture will be of Robert Owen, the man of ideas, who started people thinking of these things more than a hundred years ago. Then we shall turn to a very different scene in the town of Rochdale in Lancashire, where a group of poor working men started the first successful Co-operative shop.

Robert Owen's life is almost a fairy story. It is the tale of a poor Welsh boy, the son of a saddler, who became one of the richest cotton manufacturers in Britain. He was the friend of kings and princes, and spent all his time and money in good works, and in trying to persuade people to follow his ideas. He was only ten years old when he set out by coach to London, to seek his fortune. Thence he was sent to his first job with a linen-draper at Lincoln, and here he had to serve the "highest nobility," as he called them, for his master sold the finest goods.

Then he went back to London, where he served in a shop at London Bridge. Here he saw a different side of life, for it was a "cash" shop, with a crowd of "customers of an inferior class." He worked very long hours, from eight o'clock in the morning till one or two next day. Yet the young shop assistant had to be spick and span. "Boy as I then was," he tells us, "I had to wait my turn for the hairdresser to powder and pomatum and curl my hair, for I had two large curls on each side, and a stiff pigtail, and until all this was nicely and systematically done, no one could think of appearing before a customer."

His next move was to Manchester, and this really was the turning point of his life. The new machinery was just being introduced for spinning cotton, and the big factories were being built. At first Owen went as an assistant in a draper's shop again, but he was a very clever young man and did not want to remain a shop assistant all his life. Soon he was in partnership with a workman, making the new machines,

and living in good rooms in St. Ann's Square for 10s. 6d. a week.

Next he set up as a small manufacturer himself, buying the cotton and spinning it into yarn on the new machinery. This yarn he then sold to the weavers, who made it into cloth. At first he had only three machines with which to work, but he was so skilful that he soon became well known. When only twenty, he was made manager of one of the biggest mills in Manchester, with five hundred people working under him. Here he soon became famous for making the finest cotton thread, from which the most beautiful muslins and delicate cloth could be woven.

So far the story of Robert Owen seems just that of a successful business man, but all this time the young lad had been studying and thinking. Gradually he formed his own ideas about things, and these ideas influenced his whole life. He saw everywhere that people were poor and miserable, and that often the new machinery was making the workpeople into slaves. But he believed that this need not be, and that the right way to improve the character of people was to make the conditions under which they lived and worked much better. He thought, too, that "competition" was a bad thing, and that in some way it should be abolished. With these ideas in his mind he spent the rest of his life in trying different experiments, some of which were successful, and some failures.

Owen's most successful experiment was at his cotton mills at New Lanark on the Clyde. He had ridden up to Glasgow on business, while he was still

a Manchester manufacturer, and there he had fallen in love with Anne Dale. When they were married, Owen joined her father as partner in the New Lanark mills. Here for the first time Owen was able to put his ideas into practice, and take care of the "living machinery," as he called his workpeople, as well as the machines themselves.

We shall see some pictures of bad masters later, but Owen was a kindly master to his workpeople, and a successful business man as well. He began steadily to improve the conditions under which his people worked. He cut down the long hours of work, and increased the wages. He improved the factory and brought in new machinery. In the old days the overseers chevied the child workers by blows and the whip. Now Owen introduced his "Silent Monitors." Above the head of every child, and of the grown-up workers too, there was hung a square block of wood, painted on each side a different colour—black, blue, yellow, and white. Each day the worker's conduct was marked, and the block turned to show the result. Black was the worst and white the best. " 'This was the preventer of punishment. 'There was no beating, no abusive language. I passed daily through all the rooms, and the workers observed me always to look at these telegraphs (the monitors), and when black I merely looked at the person and then at the colour, but never said a word to one of them by way of blame."

Outside the factory, too, Owen set to work to make the lives of his people happier. He started a general store, for which he bought goods at wholesale prices, and then sold them to his workpeople

much cheaper than the small shops could do. He had a savings bank for them and a sick fund. And then he did something else which caused a great stir at the time.

He wanted to build schools, but his partners objected. "They said they were cotton spinners and commercial men carrying on business for profit, and had nothing to do with educating children." So Owen got rid of them and secured a new set of partners who were willing to help him in his plans. Several of these men were Quakers, and among them was Allen, the friend and helper of Joseph Lancaster and his schools. When they came back to New Lanark, after the change of partners, the people streamed out of the village and insisted on taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging it in triumph through the streets.

So the schools were built, and in them the first infant school in Britain was set up. Here Owen chose as master an old man, John Buchanan, "previously trained by his wife to perfect submission to her will." He and a nurse looked after the youngest children from one to six years old. No books were used and no regular work was done, but there were toys and pictures. Coloured maps covered the walls, and grass and flowers were brought in from the fields. The children were allowed to play as freely as they liked, and encouraged to ask all sorts of questions. Music, too, and dancing and drill were all a part of Owen's infant schools.

There were schools for the elder children too, and a big hall in which the grown-ups had their dances and evening parties. New Lanark soon became

famous all over Europe, and Owen was often busy in showing the wonders of his village to distinguished visitors, who were amazed at all they saw. But human nature is perverse, and the workpeople did not always like his well-meant plans. The old ladies in particular objected to the way in which he poked his nose into their houses to see that they were kept clean and tidy. They called him an interfering old fellow, and much ruder names than that, but, on the whole, New Lanark was a happy and contented place.

From this experiment in "welfare work," as we should call it to-day, Owen turned to other things. He wrote many pamphlets and made a lot of speeches, explaining his "New View of Society." At first every one was interested, but gradually, as Owen's ideas grew wider, many people began to be alarmed, and so he had less support. He tried many ventures which were less successful than New Lanark. We cannot tell in detail here of all his schemes, such as the famous Labour Exchange in London, where the workmen were to "swop" their goods direct with one another, without the use of money and without making any profit. Nor can we follow him into his land colonies, where he hoped people would live in happy isolation, making and using all they needed in common.

These and many other schemes were tried by Owen in England and in America, and one after another they failed, and Owen lost a lot of his money in helping them. But in one great thing he did succeed. He started new ideas among the working people. Behind all his different plans was the same

idea of "working together" and helping each other. Soon the word "Co-operation" came to be used to express this idea.

All over the country there sprang up different "Co-operative" ventures among the working people. In some cases shops were opened for the members, in others the workers tried to make goods and sell them direct to each other. Sometimes flour mills were started, or even a land colony planned. But almost every venture failed after a few years' trial, and died out.

Now we come to the story of the Rochdale Pioneers who took one small fragment of these ideas and made it a practical success. This was the idea of the Co-operative shop.

Things were very bad in Rochdale ninety years ago. Most of the people were still weaving flannel on the old hand-loom in their own houses. For this work they often got very little money, so one day they determined to ask for a rise in their wages. It was arranged that if any master refused, his weavers should go on strike, and a fund was started to help those who would thus be out of work. Each man was to pay twopence a week, but it was soon found that the money was hard to collect, and there was not enough to help the strikers.

The strike fell through, but some bold man suggested that the twopenny contribution should still go on, and a meeting was held to decide what should be done with the money. It was arranged to open a shop as soon as each man had saved up one pound,

which would be used to stock the shop. At last twenty-eight "pioneers" had managed to save a pound apiece, and with this they hired the ground floor of an old warehouse in Toad Lane, and stocked it with a few trifles of the commonest groceries.

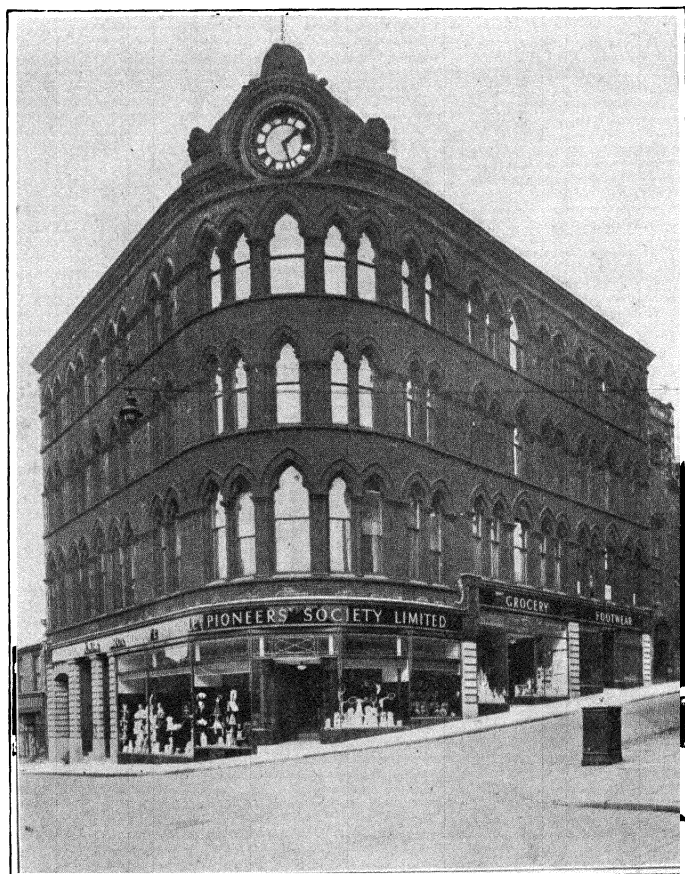
The shop was to be open only two nights a week at first, for during the day all the men were at work. When the opening evening arrived all the members met in the shop, rather shy and nervous about their new undertaking. No one liked to be the first to open the door. Rumour had got round about the "old weaver's shop," and all the rowdy lads of the town had gathered to jeer at the amateur shopkeepers. At last one bold fellow began to take down the shutters, and the store was started on its career.

The store was not a great success at first. There was so little "capital," or money with which to stock the shop, that goods could not be bought as cheaply as was needed. Some members preferred to shop nearer home, than to tramp right over to Toad Lane. Others were in debt to the local shopkeepers, and were afraid to use the new store. But gradually things began to change. More and more members came, each with their pound subscription, and the shop began to enlarge its stock, first by adding tobacco and tea, and then other things. Soon, as trade grew, the shop was opened each night, during the week, and then on Saturdays too. At last more room was needed, so the whole of the building was taken over, and a reading room and library was made for the members on the first floor. So the store became a club as well.

There were two important rules of the Rochdale store which we must understand, because every other successful Co-operative store has adopted the same plan. Everything was paid for in cash. This prevented the members from running into debt, and also saved the store from having bad debts. It meant that things could be sold more cheaply, as they were paid for "on the nail." Next, the profits made by the shop were divided, not amongst those who had lent money to the store with which to trade, but amongst the customers according to the amount of their purchases. So this store and all Co-operative shops since were really run for the good of the customers, or "consumers," as we should call them.

The story of the Rochdale store has many other chapters, for the Pioneers had their heads full of Owen's different plans. They intended to build houses for their members, they wanted to run a Temperance Hotel, and to found a "self-supporting community of united interests." But as the store grew, so these plans fell into the background. They did own a flour mill, and they tried to run a cotton factory, but this had to be given up after a few years. But the store itself continued to flourish, until to-day the Toad Lane store has developed into a huge central building, with a big library and museum. The rest of the town is covered with branch shops, each with its own reading room.

Rochdale was the first really successful Co-operative store, but other stores on the same lines soon sprang up in all the big towns of England. They copied the Rochdale rules, and together they soon found



THE CENTRAL STORE OF THE ROCHDALE EQUITABLE PIONEERS' SOCIETY AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

that they needed to help each other in buying goods for their stock. So at Manchester they founded the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which does for the separate stores just what the stores do for their own members. Soon the C.W.S. began to make things needed by the Co-operative shops, instead of only buying for them. Biscuits, boots and shoes, soap, drugs and medicines, these as well as other things are made by the C.W.S., and now they own important flour mills in all the big English ports.

With all this great development the Co-operative members have never lost sight of Owen and his ideas. Each year large sums of money are put aside for education, and the Co-operative movement has classes of all sorts, and gives scholarships to its members. All over England, and from England all over the world, there has spread this way of "working together." It has many difficulties still to face, but it is a real help to the people. And it has grown from the generous ideas of Robert Owen, and from the practical ability of the Rochdale Pioneers and their old store in Toad Lane.

[Robert Owen, 1771-1858. Rochdale Store opened, 1844.]



RICHARD COBDEN.

This picture by Claude du Val shows Cobden as he was at the time of the Anti-Corn Law League.

CHAPTER XII

Cheap Bread

WHEN anyone is hungry in England to-day he can generally get bread, and get it very cheaply, for a two-pound loaf costs about fivepence. Yet when we know how many people have worked to make our loaf it is a wonder that it costs so little. Away on the open prairies of Canada grows mile after mile of golden wheat, and when the harvest is ripe the corn is cut by great mechanical reapers. Then through one machine after another the corn is passed until it reaches the big elevator, which shoots it down into the waiting railway truck.

When the train reaches the port the grain is tipped straight into the ship's hold. After the voyage, when Liverpool is reached, it is sucked again once more through a great pipe into the granary, where many shiploads of corn are stored. Then in the mill the corn is ground into flour, and for the first time it is put into bags. These bags of flour are sent away by train or motor lorry to the bakery; and so at last we can buy our loaf over the counter, or have it left at the door every morning. And all for fivepence! Yet it is just because the prairie land is so wide and fertile, and the amount of grain grown and handled so large, that the price of the loaf is so small.

Nowadays most of our corn comes from across the seas. In England itself, in our small fields, we

grow comparatively little corn, far less indeed than would satisfy all the hungry people who live and work in the English towns. This state of affairs would have shocked the people who lived in England a hundred years ago. For they believed that a country should be able to feed itself, and in olden days this had been the case in England. But then during the changing times all this had altered. More and more people went to live in the towns, and to work in the new factories, and so there were fewer to help the farmers grow the corn, and more mouths to feed.

There was another trouble too, for the farmers began to find that it was more profitable to breed sheep and sell their wool to the factories to be made into cloth. Corn became scarcer, and bread more expensive, and people began to buy corn from abroad. But when they saw this the Government were frightened, and so they put a heavy tax on all foreign corn which came into England. They thought that in this way they could force people to buy English corn, and make it profitable for the farmers to grow more. But bread cost so much that the poor people found it difficult to get enough to eat, and there grew up a movement to abolish the "Corn Laws."

The farmers were frightened at this, for they thought that if foreign corn came in free it would soon make bread so cheap that it would not be worth their while to grow wheat, and they might be ruined. Others, too, did not like the new idea, for they thought that it would be dangerous if England had to depend for her food on corn from

across the seas. They feared that if we were at war it might be difficult to bring the corn to England regularly, and so we might be starved into surrender.

The factory owners in the North of England, on the other hand, thought mainly of the price of bread. If they could get cheap bread, then their workpeople would have plenty to eat, and be more satisfied; they would work harder, and not keep asking for higher wages. So the question developed into a great struggle between the country gentlemen and the farmers on the one side, and the factory owners on the other: between the old and peaceful England, of the green fields and pleasant ways, and the new and restless England, of the great cities and smoky mills.

The people who wished to abolish the tax formed the Anti-Corn Law League, and two famous men turned all their energies to make this League a success. The one, Richard Cobden, was the son of a Sussex farmer, who had gone to live in Manchester and become a partner in a calico mill. He was a shrewd and able business man with a wonderful memory and a great head for figures. Soon he was chosen as Member of Parliament for Stockport, and he became leader of the manufacturers in the House of Commons, but he was rather despised as a self-made man by the old-fashioned type of country gentleman. His friend, John Bright, was very different. He was a quiet and dignified man, with a calm and pleasant face, and he was a good speaker. Bright was a Quaker, the son of a Rochdale



JOHN BRIGHT.

This picture is also by du Val, and shows Bright as the young and vigorous man he was during the Corn Law struggle.

millowner, and he had been brought up in the midst of the life of the cotton factory.

These two different men were great friends. Together they founded the Anti-Corn Law League, and together they worked for its success. You can picture to yourself the scene in the huge Free Trade Hall, a vast wooden shed which had been hurriedly built in Manchester to be the headquarters of the League. Day after day the place was crowded out by factory hands and shopkeepers, as well as by millowners, eager to listen to the lecturers, and anxious to hear their promise of cheaper bread.

There were other excitements besides lectures; there was, for instance, the great bazaar. "The factory people all went yesterday to the Free Trade Bazaar," writes a sister of John Bright; "my brother paying for a cheap train to conduct them to Manchester. There were seven hundred of them, and George Wilson let them go in free. They assembled on the moor just below these gates; the women and girls went first in twos and threes, then followed a band of music, and the men and boys brought up the rear. It was a really beautiful sight."

Bright and Cobden were clever men, and they knew how to appeal to people. They hired lecturers to go through the country speaking for the League, and though some who went to Cambridge were nearly mobbed by the students, they were generally well received. They wrote pamphlets, and made use of the new penny post to send circulars. They even published a special newspaper, and they had cartoons and placards to attract people's attention.

Last of all, when they were elected to Parliament they began to make speeches on the matter there, and each year they asked Parliament to abolish the Corn Laws.

Yet we must remember that there was another side to the question. All the farmers and the country gentlemen of England honestly believed that it would be a great disaster to let the corn come in free. They feared the farmers would be ruined. And so year by year, while the agitation was going on, they refused to change the laws. In this they were led by Sir Robert Peel, who was now Prime Minister, and was looked upon as one of the strongest supporters of the tax. Yet, strange to say, it was Peel himself who finally abolished the tax. He was a very honest man, and always ready to listen to arguments. He was already wavering, when a disaster in Ireland made him act.

In Ireland the people were very poor. They lived huddled together in tiny huts or cottages, and many had nothing to eat except the potatoes which they grew on their small patches of ground. One year, when the League was trying its hardest in England to persuade Parliament to repeal the Corn Laws, news came that there was something wrong with the potato crop in Ireland. This soon proved to be true. A blight had attacked the crop and spoiled most of the potatoes, so that the poor people were in danger of starving. Then to save the starving Irish, Peel saw that he must give them cheap bread. So at last he gave way and repealed the Corn Laws, but his friends were very angry with him, and some never forgave him. One said, with

a sneer, "Rotten potatoes did the trick. They put Peel in a terrible fright."

Thus Cobden, Bright, and their friends had won, and they were very proud, for bread in England would at last be really cheap. They built the Free Trade Hall of stone in Manchester, as a memorial to their success, and founded societies to carry on their work. For they had only made a beginning, and now they went on to attack all taxes on food, and soon even to ask that there should be no taxes on any goods at all which came into the country. This they called "Free Trade," and after some years almost every one in England agreed with them, and these taxes were abolished too.

Every one in England now got food very cheaply, but what the farmers feared came true as well. Less and less corn was grown in England, and more and more came from abroad. To-day our factories make goods which we send all over the world, and in exchange we get other goods, often raw material, and food of every sort. Many people nowadays think that England was persuaded to go too far. As a result, Parliament is now trying to "protect" English manufactures by taxing goods which are made in foreign lands and come to us from abroad. A law has also been passed to enact that a fixed proportion of wheat grown within the Empire must be used in making flour. Many people are still doubtful whether this is a good plan and everyone is waiting to see how it works.

[Bright, 1811-89. Cobden, 1804-65. Corn Laws repealed, 1846.]



LORD SHAFTESBURY.

This picture was engraved from the actual photograph of Shaftesbury, taken in middle age.

CHAPTER XIII

The Friend of the Children

ABOUT the time when Cobden and Bright were agitating for cheap bread you might have seen a strange sight in one of the streets of Bradford. Some gentlemen from London were strolling along when they were suddenly surrounded by a shouting, yelling mob of children, who sang at them jeeringly :—

“ We will have the TEN HOURS BILL,
That we will, that we will,
Else the land shall ne’er be still,
Never still, never still.
Parliament say what they will,
We will have the TEN HOURS BILL,
We want no Commissioning,
We will have the TEN HOURS BILL.”

Then suddenly there was the shrill sound of a hooter, and away ran the children, much to the relief of the Londoners. But it was to a factory that they went back, and not to school as you might have expected. These children were angry with the “Commissioners” from London. People were trying to persuade Parliament to make a new law so that no factory might work more than ten hours a day. The Commissioners had been sent to Bradford to inquire about the factories there, and the children feared that they were only trying to find excuses to persuade Parliament not to pass the new law.

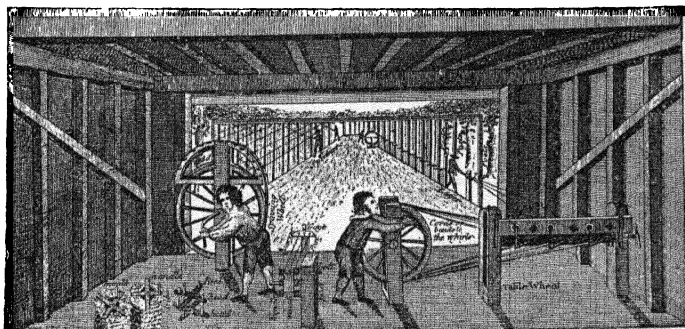
We have read how the old custom of making things at home by hand had given place to the new factories, where cloth was made by machinery driven by the new steam engines. Inside these "mills," as they were called, amidst the noise of the whirling machinery, were crowds of little children hard at work. Although the law said that no child younger than nine might work in a mill, no one obeyed it, and tiny tots of six and seven came to help their fathers earn a living. They worked at least twelve hours a day, and often more. They came so early and stayed so late that they were often terribly tired, and in some mills they were beaten to keep them awake. Sometimes they would fall asleep and slip into the machinery and be maimed for life. And when they went home at nine or ten at night they were often too tired to eat their food.

Inside a cotton mill the youngest children had the most dangerous work. "The way in which many of these infants are first employed," explained one of the workers, "is to pick up the waste cotton from the floor; to go under the machines where bigger people cannot creep, and the smaller they are the more conveniently they go under the machines."

At some mills the masters were very cruel, and one tale was told to Parliament of how such a master hurried the luckless children to work. "I have seen him with a horsewhip under his coat, waiting at the top of the place, and when the children have come up, he has lashed them all the way into the mill if they were too late; and the children had half a mile to come and be at the mill at five o'clock." How many children to-day of nine years old would

like to begin work at five in the morning, and stay working hard for at least twelve hours ?

We must remember that not only children, but grown-ups too were working under these conditions, and it makes us wonder how such terrible things could be. We can understand a little when we realise that the change to machinery had come very suddenly, and that all the old rules and agreements which controlled hand work were out of



BOYS WORKING IN A ROPE-WALK.

date. A new idea had grown up that Parliament should not interfere in industry. So for a long time no effective laws were made to control the new factories. Everybody believed that if people were left perfectly free, each person would get the very best for himself, but the horrible conditions in the new factories soon proved that this idea was wrong.

At last men determined that things must be altered. In Manchester and Bradford, and all through the North of England, "Short-time Committees" were formed. Good masters, such as

John Fielden, whose statue still stands at Todmorden, joined with their workmen in this campaign. They all decided to ask Parliament to limit the working day to ten hours, and they chose Lord Shaftesbury to be their leader.

Shaftesbury was a young man of thirty-two when he first took up this question, and for the rest of his life he was the champion of the children and the oppressed. A tall man, with a grave look, and deep lines on his face, he was intensely serious, but very kind. His religious ideas were very strict, and some of his schemes, such as his violent opposition to the opening of museums on Sundays, seem a little strange to us to-day. Yet Shaftesbury lives for ever as the great reformer, and the friend of all the children.

His first attempt to persuade Parliament to pass a Ten Hours Act was not successful. Although he had a sad picture to paint, with many details of cruelty and hardship, some people would not be convinced. All he could do was to get a new law made which forbade the employment of children under nine. It also said the children from nine to thirteen were not to work more than nine hours a day, and young people under nineteen not more than twelve hours. This was the first Factory Act to be enforced, for paid inspectors were appointed whose duty it was to go into every factory and mill, and to see that the law was obeyed.

It was fifteen years before Shaftesbury at last managed to persuade Parliament to pass the Ten

Hours Act, and we must remember that all this time the movement against the Corn Laws was going on as well. The people who supported the Anti-Corn Law League were many of them manufacturers, and they were not interested in Shaftesbury's plans. Indeed, some were his most bitter enemies, because they feared they would lose money if they could not work their mills as many hours a day as they liked. But the workers were determined to have the Ten Hours Act. They knew that if the law limited the hours when children and young people might work, they too would have a Ten Hours Day, for a mill could not go on working with men alone.

In those days, however, the working people had no votes, and could not elect Members to Parliament. They were forced to rely on Lord Shaftesbury, who sometimes boasted that he was the chosen of the workers. Year after year, Shaftesbury tried to get his new law passed. Sometimes he travelled among the mills to see things for himself, sometimes he wrote papers and letters, or made speeches in Parliament. And sometimes he arranged for committees at which new evidence was taken, and this was printed so that every one could read it. At last he was successful; in the very year after the Corn Laws were repealed the Ten Hours Act was passed.

This was only the beginning of the story; soon the children were excluded from the factories altogether, and the laws were extended again and again, till every sort of factory and workshop came under their rules. To-day we have an almost universal Eight Hour Day, and every one has plenty

of time for rest and recreation. The landmark in these great reforms was the 'Ten Hours Act, and this we owe to Lord Shaftesbury.

It was in the disappointing days, after he had failed in his first attempt to pass the Ten Hours law, that Shaftesbury obtained his first great success. He had been interested in the coal mines, and he persuaded Parliament to hold an inquiry. The story that was told was so terrible that a new law was made at once. Down in the dark mines, it was found, there worked not only men, but women and tiny children. Babies of six or even younger had to sit in a little hole for twelve hours at a stretch, pulling a string to open the little doors in the passages of the mine. "I've a trap without a light, and I'm scared," said a little girl of only eight. "I go at four and sometimes half-past three in the morning, and come out at five and half-past. I never go to sleep. Sometimes I sing when I've light, but not in the dark. I dare not sing then." Another little chap of seven and a half was more hardened. "I've been down about three years. When I first went down I couldn't keep my eyes open. I don't fall asleep now; I smoke my pipe; smoke half a quartern a week."

Still more loathesome tasks fell to the children's lot: pulling the coal trucks on all-fours, along the narrowest passages, working at the smallest seams of coal, which a full-grown man could not reach, or standing all day ankle deep in water, labouring away at a pump. As for the women, they were beasts of

burden, and harnessed by straps to the coal trucks, they pulled them on all-fours along the little underground tramways.

This was the state of the mines as revealed by Lord Shaftesbury's inquiry. It was too terrible, and every one agreed that it must stop at once. Shaftesbury succeeded in getting a new law enacted, which forbade the employment of any women or girls in mines at all, and said that boys could not go down the pit before they were ten. The age for boys has been raised long since, and the hours which may be worked in a mine have been limited to eight a day, by special Act of Parliament.

The last great reform for which Shaftesbury is famous is the abolition of the chimney boy. Yet it was only fifty years ago that the last chimney boy disappeared. For nearly ninety years before that the cruelty and suffering of these children had been well known, and Parliament had passed several laws to help them. But people were so callous that the laws were simply disregarded. To-day we all know the chimney sweep with his black brush and his bamboo rods, which fit together and force the brush up to the top of the tallest chimney. He twirls the brush round and as the soot falls down he catches it neatly in his bag. Yet for many years this "machine" was refused by the careful housewife, who was sure it would make a horrid mess of her carpets, and preferred that the sweep should send his little boy of six or seven to climb up the flue.

Of course this was a nasty job. Often the boys would tear their knees and elbows against the hard brickwork, and then they were bathed in lime to harden them. If a boy would not climb he was beaten, and sometimes a cruel master would light a fire beneath him to hurry him up. Covered with soot, they would often be half-choked in the narrow



This picture from Kingsley's *Water Babies* shows poor Tom, the chimney boy, carrying the brushes and trudging along behind his cruel master who rides on the donkey.

chimney, and sometimes they stuck at a sharp corner, and even died before they could be dug out.

There is a famous picture of a chimney sweep of the old type in Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, where the horrid old Bumble tries to apprentice Oliver to Mr. Gamfield, the master sweep, and asks the magistrate's permission. "'Well,' said the old gentleman, 'I suppose he is fond of chimney sweeping?'" 'He doats on it,'" replied Bumble, giving Oliver a sly pinch. Luckily Oliver escaped this horrid

fate in the story, but the book made people think. So did Kingsley's *Water Babies*, another story about a poor chimney boy, but it was not till twelve years after this book was published that Shaftesbury at last managed to persuade Parliament to pass a law which ended the cruel custom. The new law not only forbade the use of chimney boys (for this had been done before, but in vain); it also forced every chimney sweep to get a licence from the police, who were thus able to see that they obeyed the law. From now onwards every one's chimney had to be cleaned by the brush.

Lord Shaftesbury's kind deeds did not end here. Perhaps his chief interest in later life was in the Ragged Schools, which he organised throughout London for the street arabs, who had no home and no employment. But to us to-day, when no child may go to work until he is fourteen, his greatest work was for the children, little more than babies, who laboured such long hours and under such terrible conditions in factory, mine, or chimney.

[Lord Shaftesbury, 1801-85. Mines Act, 1842. Ten Hours Act, 1847. Chimney Sweeps Act, 1875.]



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
As she was at the time of the Crimea.

CHAPTER XIV

The Lady with the Lamp

ONE year after the little Princess Victoria, the future Queen of England, was born at Kensington Palace in London, there was born at Florence, in Italy, another little girl, who was to become nearly as famous as the Queen herself. Her parents called her Florence, after her birthplace, and a few years later she came back with her father and mother to live in England. Here at first the little girl and her elder sister were very happy. Her parents had several lovely houses, with pleasant gardens to play in, and all went well. As Florence grew older new ideas came to her. More and more she wanted to help the poor folk who lived nearby; she visited them in their cottages, and she tried to care for them when they were ill. Even as a little girl she had played at games of nursing her dolls, or bandaging her dog when it was hurt, and now she wanted to be a real nurse herself when she was grown up.

This was a great shock to her father and mother, for in those days there were hardly any good nurses such as we have to-day. The sick folk were looked after by anyone who could find time to lend a hand, and often by slovenly old women who used to drink more brandy than was good for them. So her parents were shocked at the idea. "It was as if I had wanted to be a kitchenmaid," said Florence later.

Florence Nightingale, however, was determined that she would not spend her life doing nothing. She felt that she had a real call to be a nurse, and her restless energy helped her at last to wear down her parents' objections. She was now a grown woman, and she began to pay visits to all the hospitals she could reach, just as John Howard had visited the prisons. She spent more than ten years in this sort of work.

In England she saw the great hospitals in London, and then in other parts, and she went to Edinburgh and Dublin. On the Continent she visited France and Germany, and in Egypt she saw a big hospital where the nursing was well done by the Roman Catholic Order of St. Vincent de Paul. Florence Nightingale came back to England feeling that this and other great sisterhoods of the Catholic Church had much to teach the English people in the way of organisation and of devotion to duty.

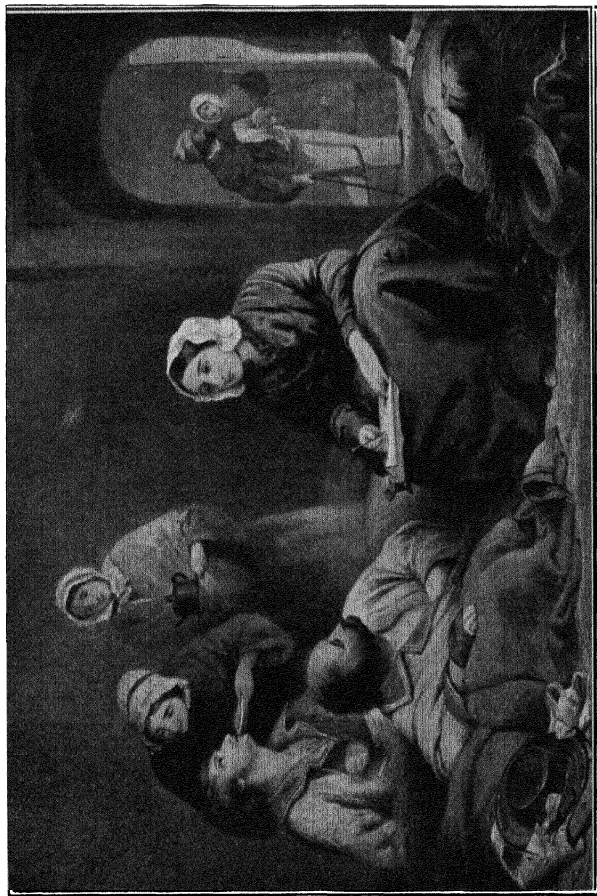
A little later she visited a training home for nurses which had been started a few years before at Kaiserswerth, in Germany, by a Lutheran clergyman. Here she was herself trained as a nurse, and so came back to England again ready for her task. Soon after she shook herself free from her family and became the matron of a little hospital for invalid gentlewomen, which had been started in London a few years before.

Now comes the greatest story of her life. So far she was only known to a small group of her own friends ; within a few months every one in England was to know and honour her name. A useless war had broken out with England and France as allies

of the Turks on the one side, against Russia on the other. Fighting was going on in the Crimea, around the Russian port of Sebastopol. Great hospitals were needed for all the sick and wounded, and these were organised in the suburbs of Constantinople. At home in England people thought things were going well; and in the French hospitals the poor patients were properly cared for by the kindly Sisters of Mercy who nursed them. But in the English hospitals nearby at Scutari there were no nurses, no proper medicines, no clean bed linen, and no fresh clothes for the wounded men.

One morning the contented Englishman, reading his *Times* over his bacon and eggs at breakfast, had a nasty shock. He saw a letter from the newspaper's correspondent telling of the horrors of the hospitals at Scutari, and ending: "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such a work of mercy? Must we fall so far below the French in self-sacrifice and devotedness?"

Though many English women offered to go, there was only one really fit for the great work, and that was Florence Nightingale. Her friend, Sidney Herbert, was the War Minister in England, and he invited her to go to Scutari and take charge of the nursing there. By the same post she had already written to him and offered her services. Within a week she had started with a little band of thirty-eight of the best nurses she could find, and with the help of a large fund of money which the readers of *The*



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT THE SCUTARI HOSPITAL.
The picture shows her writing a letter home for one of the soldiers who
has a wounded hand.

Times had subscribed for the relief of the wounded soldiers.

When she arrived at Scutari the state of affairs was even worse than had been told. There were no nurses, and the soldiers were helping themselves as best they could. The main hospital was dirty beyond description, and this made many of the sick men die of disease. Their clothes were dirty and could not be washed, the food was bad, and there were not even knives and forks to eat it with, while every sort of equipment and medicine was lacking.

"We have not seen a drop of milk," wrote one of her sisters, "and the bread is extremely sour. The butter is most filthy; it is Irish butter in a state of decomposition, and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for until they arrive from France." The hospitals were overcrowded, and another great battle was being fought, which sent hundreds more wounded back to her care.

Here was a great crisis, but Florence Nightingale rose to the opportunity. Within ten days she had organised a laundry, and opened a fine kitchen, which gave the men their food properly cooked. Gradually she got the wards into proper order, buying stores with the money she had from *The Times*, and getting more from England. An amusing story tells how once, when a fussy old officer refused to give her some stores she urgently needed, because they had not been officially "inspected," she gathered her nurses, broke down the doors, and took what she wanted.

With hundreds of men to nurse, and only a few devoted women at hand, all had to work their

hardest. But Florence Nightingale worked harder than them all. At times she would have to be on her feet twenty hours at a stretch, receiving new cases, allotting them to the wards, organising the work, and seeing personally to the worst cases. And then at eight o'clock, when all the other nurses left for the night, and the soldier orderlies came on duty, she would go, with her little lamp in her hand, her round of the dim wards. The sick men watched for her with hungry eyes, and almost worshipped "The Lady with the Lamp," as they nicknamed her in their affection. "She would speak to me, and nod and smile to as many more," wrote one of the soldiers, "but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by the hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads again on the pillow content."

There were others who claimed her thoughts as well as the sick in the hospitals. In those days soldiers' wives and even children went with an army, and for these she organised work and proper housing. For the men who were well she had recreation huts, with lectures and coffee bars, much like the Y.M.C.A. of to-day. She also started an office where the soldier could send home some of his pay. The older officers laughed at the idea, for they thought that a soldier would do nothing but squander his money; but she was so successful that the Government had soon to take over the scheme.

At last the war ended, peace was signed, and the soldiers went gradually back to England, but Florence Nightingale did not leave her hospital till the very last man was sent safely home. Then she

came back quietly to avoid the public welcome which had been planned. But the Queen honoured her and invited her to Osborne to tell all about her work in the Crimea. England, too, was grateful, and a large sum of money was subscribed as a National Thanksgiving.

Soon Florence Nightingale fell ill from the strain of her long work, and for some time the doctors feared that she would die. At last she recovered, but she was doomed to be an invalid for life, and it seemed that her work was done. But if she was sick in body, her mind was more active than ever, and drove her on from one reform to another. Thus her most lasting work was really done from her sick-bed, and not as *The Lady with the Lamp*.

For years she worked with her friend Sidney Herbert to improve the health of the Army. New hospitals were built in England for the soldiers. Their barracks were made more comfortable and more sanitary, and the whole organisation of the Army was altered to ensure that the soldier was kept well, and that if he fell sick he should be properly nursed back to health again.

So far we have only seen her at work for the soldier, but perhaps her most far-reaching work was for the ordinary people who were ill. By her inspiration and guidance nursing was changed from a clumsy affair of ill-trained and disreputable old women to an honourable profession which needed training and a long apprenticeship. At first she had trained herself, now she was able to found a

School for Nurses. With the money that had been given her by the nation she started at St. Thomas' Hospital a Nurses' Training School which is still known by her name. Here year after year young women were carefully trained, and then went on to work in the hospital, or else to nurse in other places. Gradually all the other hospitals followed suit, until every great hospital had its own training department for nurses.

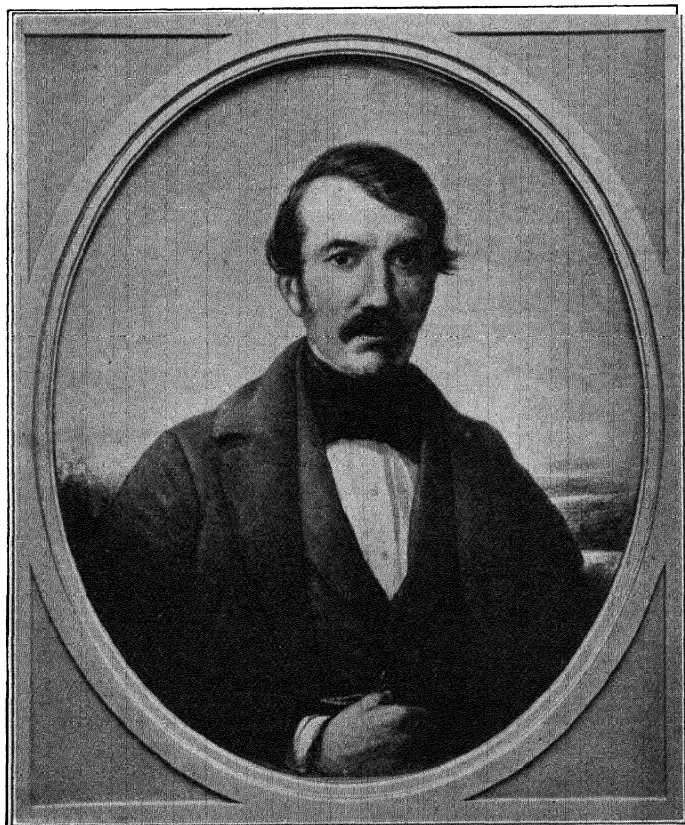
Then came another step. In the city of Liverpool William Rathbone, who wanted to honour the memory of his wife, had established a district nurse to visit and help the poor in their own homes. But Liverpool was a big place, and there was need for many such nurses. The people of Liverpool came to Florence Nightingale for help. This was a plan near her own heart, for "missionary nursing" was her ideal. "One of the chief aims of a hospital," she wrote, "is to train nurses for nursing the sick at home." With her help there was set up the first Training Home for District Nurses in Liverpool, and soon that city had a nurse for each district. Of course, Manchester followed suit, and the movement spread all over the country, until it was organised, with Queen Victoria as patron, into the Jubilee Nursing Institute.

In yet another way did Florence Nightingale extend the nursing system. The poor folk who were unlucky enough to be so ill that they had to go to the workhouse infirmary were very badly looked after. The old women who acted as "nurses" there were quite unskilled, and often a disgrace. Here again the citizens of Liverpool determined

to lead the way. They applied to St. Thomas' Hospital, and obtained the help of Nurse Agnes Jones, a "Nightingale probationer," and a body of good nurses under her soon made a very different state of affairs at the Infirmary of Brownlow Hill. The good example set by Liverpool was followed, and one by one the workhouse hospitals throughout the country were staffed with a band of bright and well-trained nurses, who were as proud of their skill and as tender in their work as any.

Over all these changes in every part of England the quiet figure of Florence Nightingale in the little room in London kept loving watch. She helped with lectures to her nurses at St. Thomas, with books and letters, with advice to hospitals, and even to foreign governments. Sometimes even, if not too weak, she would see some specially favoured visitor. She lived on until quite recent times, and did not die until she was ninety years old. And what changes she saw in England! Throughout the land there were hospitals, well planned, with fresh air and good sanitation, and served by a band of highly-trained nurses. In their pleasant cotton dresses, of blue or pink, of white or grey, with their cap or 'kerchief on their head, matrons, sisters, nurses, and probationers, they were all members of a great and honourable profession, and this they owed to The Lady with the Lamp.

[Florence Nightingale, 1820-1910; at Scutari, 1854-56.]



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The artist has painted Livingstone in the full vigour of his life, and behind has suggested the lakes and rivers which he explored.

CHAPTER XV

The Opening up of Africa

SO far the stories in this book have been about men and women who lived in England, and did most of their work here at home, but as communications became easier, the world was becoming a smaller place, and sympathies were growing wider. Our next story is about a Scotsman, whose name has become famous all over the world, because of his travels and discoveries in unknown Africa. Yet when little David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, just over one hundred years ago, no one would have imagined that he was to become a great man. For his father was only a poor tea merchant, and David was born in a little flat, in a great stone building. Around Blantyre, in his early days, David played like any other little boy. Day after day he would make long expeditions with his brother, hunting for birds' nests or flowers, or fishing in the stream for salmon, and carrying the fish home, hidden in the leg of his trousers for fear the keeper would catch him.

At home David was strictly brought up, for his father and mother were stern in their ideas, and thought that young children should do as they were bid. One evening when he came home late he found the front door locked, and was forced to spend the night on the turret stairs. Very soon young David had to begin to earn his living. Although he was

only ten he became a "piecer" in the nearby cotton mill. His job was to catch and twist together the broken threads on the big spinning frame. But David had determined to get on. So he propped his Latin grammar on a ledge, and worked with his brain while his hands caught the flying cotton. He did not get home till after eight, yet he used to get down to his books again after supper till his mother came to pack him off to bed. For he must be back at the mill by six next day.

Then one morning David tramped over to Glasgow with his father, who arranged for him to become a student there. All through the long winter David Livingstone worked hard at his classes at the University, living in the poorest rooms to save his scanty money. In the summer, when the University was closed, he went back to the mill to earn the money for his next year's fees. Livingstone had determined to become a doctor, and then to go out as a missionary. He wanted both to preach the gospel to the heathen and to heal their bodies. At last, after years of work, he went to London to finish his studies, and there the London Missionary Society accepted him as one of its missionaries, and arranged for him to go to Africa. So back he came to Glasgow again to say good-bye to his parents, and then when twenty-seven years old set sail to that far and little known land.

In those days men were very ignorant of the centre of Africa—its great lakes and rivers, the animals that lived and the plants that grew there. Only a little

was known about the negroes themselves. White men had been sailing round Africa to India for centuries, but few had gone far inland. Livingstone landed at Algoa Bay in the south, and soon set off by ox-wagon (for there were no trains in those days) to the head mission station at Kuruman. Here he met a famous Scottish missionary, Dr. Moffatt, and soon after he fell in love with his daughter, "a little thick, black-haired girl," as he calls her. They were married there, and Mrs. Livingstone helped him on many of his early travels, till she had to go home to England with their children.

Livingstone's first work was to make friends with a native chief called Sechele, ruler of the Bakwena, who welcomed him into his land. Livingstone persuaded Sechele to move his tribe to a better spot, and there at Kolobeng taught him how to make small channels from the river, so that the fields were watered even in the drought.

"Black Sechele" was a clever man, and soon learned to read. Later he became a Christian and was baptized, but he was surprised that Livingstone did not accept his offer to force all his people to become Christians too, with the help of the rhinoceros whip. "In former times when a chief was fond of hunting," he said to Livingstone, "all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved dancing or music, all showed a preference for these amusements. If the chief drank beer, his people all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my people will join me."

In their home at Kolobeng, Livingstone and his wife lived in great happiness for some years with their young family. Their first child was a little boy called Robert, and the natives promptly nicknamed Mrs. Livingstone "Ma-Robert." But Livingstone's restless spirit was fired by the stories he heard of great rivers, vast lakes, and famous chiefs, away to the north. Even while he was working at Kolobeng he found time to make several expeditions with various friends. At last, travelling with his whole family, he reached that broad river, the Zambesi. This was a wonderful discovery, though how wonderful Livingstone was not to know until later.

Here, too, he met the chief Sebituane, who had been a mighty warrior in his young days, but who now ruled over his people in peace. Livingstone had heard many stories of Sebituane, and they were both glad to meet. Livingstone hoped, with the chief's help, to establish a new mission station among his people, for no missionaries had ever come so far north before. Unfortunately, Sebituane fell ill, and died soon after Livingstone's arrival.

Two great ideas were now forming in Livingstone's mind. The one was to find a healthier place for Sebituane's people to live, so that white missionaries could work amongst them. The other was to discover a new way to the sea. For the journey from Cape Town was long and difficult, and sometimes dangerous. It took weeks and even months for the creaking ox-wagons to reach the Zambesi, instead of the few days taken by the modern trains.

Livingstone determined to find a shorter way to

the sea, either east or west. He hoped that in this way he would get his stores more easily. He hoped, too, that a new trade route would be opened up, by which the ivory could be sent to the sea. For already the cruel Arab or half-caste Portuguese slave-raiders were beginning to visit the country. They came with guns and powder, to barter them for men and boys, or else they burnt the villages and seized the people as slaves. Livingstone thought that if he opened up a new route to the sea, trade would grow, and the slave trade gradually disappear.

So he took his wife and children down to Cape Town, and said good-bye to them as they sailed for England. Then back he came to Linyanti, where Sekelutu, Sebituane's son, now reigned. With Sekelutu's help he prepared an expedition, and set out bravely westward, through the thick forest and then across the more open country to the distant coast. It took Livingstone seven months before at last he reached the Portuguese colony of Angola, where he was kindly treated. Here he was offered a passage home to England, but he refused. He had promised his native companions to take them back to Sekelutu, so he turned his back on the coast, and at last reached Linyanti once again.

We cannot tell the whole story of these great journeys of Livingstone, though they are full of adventure and amusing incident. We must picture to ourselves the sight as the long line of men winds like a snake along the narrow path, through the tall grass or the deep forest. This "safari" consists of many native porters, who carry the loads on their

heads. In the bundles are all sorts of things, biscuits, tea, coffee and sugar for food, a bale of spare clothes to make the men look respectable when they reach the coast. Medicines, books, instruments for finding their position from the sun, ammunition for hunting, beads for barter, a small tent. And last but not least the magic lantern, which always entranced the natives, who believed that the white man could summon up spirits by its aid. Such are the loads his porters carry. Then comes Livingstone himself, seated on his bullock, Sinbad. A bad-natured fellow, Sinbad, who loves nothing better than to sweep his master off by running under some low-branched tree, and then to kick shrewdly at him.

Then when evening comes they encamp. The herald has run ahead and cut the wood for the camp fire. The porters pitch Livingstone's little tent, make his bed of the grass they have cut, and build a great fire in front. At the tent door sleeps the faithful head-boatman, while all around the fire are the leafy shelters for the natives. On the far side are the cattle too. So through the night the party sleep in the warmth and safety of the fire, which keeps the prowling beasts at a distance.

Despite all the trouble he had taken, Livingstone realised that the journey to Angola was too long and difficult to form an easy route to the sea. So, after a short rest at Linyanti, he set out in the opposite direction, determined to follow the Zambesi eastward to the sea. Here he had a different type of journey, for much of it was done by canoe. Perhaps his greatest pleasure was the discovery of the mighty falls, which the natives called the "Sounding

Smoke," and which he renamed in honour of the Queen, *Victoria Falls*. Nearby now stands the little town of Livingstone, the capital of that part of the country. It took Livingstone four months to reach Portuguese territory by the sea, and he was then so ill that he had to be nursed back to health. When at last he reached the coast, he left his native porters with the promise that he would return and take them back to Linyanti. Then he took ship for England.

It was nearly sixteen years since Livingstone had been in England, and things had greatly changed. He had sailed an unknown Scottish lad, off on a missionary journey. He returned a famous explorer, the first white man to cross Africa from west to east, and the discoverer of a great river within the heart of Africa. He was "lionised," much to his disgust. For he was a shy and modest man, though bold in action for the right. But every one was interested in his work. People were anxious to know whether the Zambesi was a possible highway into the centre of Africa, and whether it could be used as a trade route. So the Government asked Livingstone to go back and make a complete exploration of the new river, and they gave him money for the expedition.

After a short stay in England of a little over a year, Livingstone sailed for Africa again, this time not as a missionary, but as a British consul and explorer. All through his life he retained the missionary spirit, and he felt that he was doing his best for the future of missions by his pioneering work. He explained to one old lady who was rather shocked at his change

of work that his ideal for missionary work was "not a dumpy sort of a man with a Bible under his arm."

The Zambesi expedition was difficult and full of disappointments. The little steamer, the *Ma-Robert*, was a failure. She was leaky, she steamed so badly that she was nicknamed the *Asthmatic*, and she was too deep to go far up the shallow rivers. But despite these difficulties, Livingstone managed to learn much about the Zambesi, and to discover a new lake, Nyasa, about which he had heard rumours before. He took his friends the Makolo servants back to Linyanti, but was sad to find that Sekelutu was very ill.

Then one tragedy followed another. His wife, who had come out to share his travels with him again, fell ill and died. The first missionaries to the new country, sent at Livingstone's special request, caught fever and died too. Livingstone was sickened by the sight of all the cruelty of the slave-raiders, and when at last the Government wrote to him that they would spend no more money on the expedition, he went back to England very depressed.

This was Livingstone's last visit to England, though, of course, he did not know it. He only stayed there long enough to write a new book, just over a year. For Africa was calling, and he could not resist. This time he struck into the continent further north of the Zambesi. He went by himself, with only a few native porters, and several of them deserted him as soon as difficulties began. They fled to the coast, and to justify themselves declared

that Livingstone had been killed. One expedition after another was organised to search for him and find if this were true.

Meanwhile, Livingstone was having a terrible time. His goods were lost or plundered; his health became so bad that he could neither walk nor ride. He had to be carried in a cot, slung between two faithful servants. He was even forced to travel in company with the hated Arab slave-raiders, though these men treated him kindly. Despite his growing sickness he made some wonderful discoveries, finding new lakes and rivers, including the great Lake Tanganyika. And here at last, at Ujiji, where now the modern railway reaches the lake, Livingstone arrived sick almost to death, with all his supplies exhausted. He was in despair when one of his men cried out that a white man was entering the village. A moment later he found himself face to face with H. M. Stanley.

Stanley had been sent out by an American newspaper to "find Livingstone alive or dead," and by luck and good judgment had met him at Ujiji, in the moment of his greatest need. The two men became fast friends, and for months they travelled together. Stanley gave Livingstone all he required, and sent him up other goods from the coast. He tried hard to persuade him to come back to England. Livingstone refused; he must stay "just one more year." So Stanley said good-bye reluctantly, and Livingstone started on his last journey. Gradually his health broke down. Again he had to be carried in his hammock. At last one morning at Chitambo's village, near Lake Bangwealo, his servants found

him kneeling by his bed. Livingstone was dead.

His few faithful servants held an anxious conference, and determined that they must carry his body to the coast. Then a solemn funeral was arranged. Chitambo, the chief, and his friends came dressed in their best, and wailed and danced in native fashion. Livingstone's servants fired volleys in the air, while one of them, Jacob Wainwright, who could read, recited the burial service from Livingstone's prayer-book.

Then they embalmed the body, and buried the great heart deep in the ground, where now the monument stands. At last the difficult journey to the coast began. Another of Livingstone's servants, Susi, tall, dark and careworn, with his face still scarred from the smallpox, was in charge. Close beside him strode his chief friend Chuma, a vivacious fellow with lighter skin and dancing eyes. After many difficulties the coast was reached, and the body taken aboard a ship for England. There it was given honourable burial in Westminster Abbey, where lie the great men of Britain. The pall-bearers were all friends of Livingstone in his African days, and one of them was a black man, Jacob Wainwright. Soon after Susi and Chuma are brought to England, to help in the task of writing the story of Livingstone's last journey, from those diaries which they have helped to save.

That is the story of how Livingstone gave his life for Africa. His spirit has changed the country

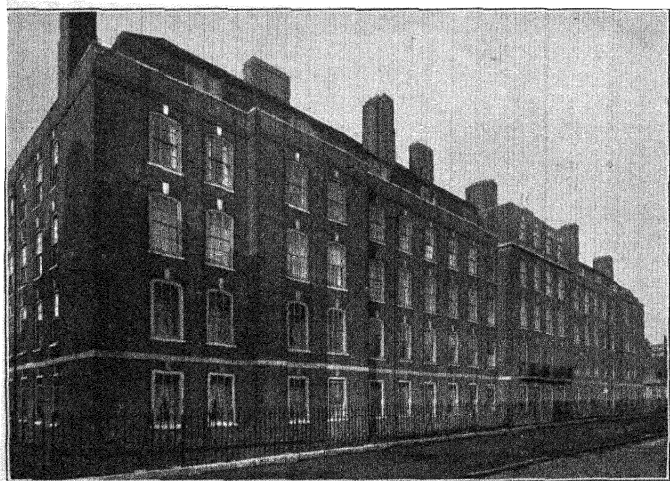
in which he travelled past all knowledge. He opened the way, and others were quick to follow. Inspired by his books and lectures, new missions were established in the different countries he visited. Schools and hospitals were opened, and after a little time the trade in slaves was swept entirely from the country. Soon Europeans came to live in those lands; pleasant farms sprang up, railways were built, and small towns appeared. It is true that wherever white men come to live among natives, there are new problems which have to be faced, but Livingstone's work as a pioneer has brought untold good to the countries through which he travelled.

These words of his were inscribed upon his tomb :—

ALL I CAN ADD IN MY SOLITUDE IS :
MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN
ON EVERYONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH, OR TURK,
WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL
THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD.

Livingstone's blessing must rest upon the thousands who have followed in the Christian work which he began.

[Livingstone, 1813-73; first goes to Africa, 1840; returns as consul, 1858; found by Stanley, 1871.]



LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SLUM CLEARANCE.

The top picture shows the slum before clearance. The bottom picture shows the block of flats which replaced it. Each flat has its own bath, and the blocks are built around a common garden with grass and trees.

CHAPTER XVI

The City Beautiful

THERE is a strange sight to be seen just at present in one of the great towns in the Midlands. A gang of men is busily at work pulling down house after house, and clearing away one street after another. They knock a hole in the roof, and bring a big steel rope in through the door and up the staircase, and out at the top. Then they tie it in a loop, and fix the end to a motor tractor. The tractor starts, the house begins to bulge, and down it crashes in a smother of dust. All the bricks are sorted out and put in piles on one side, and the wooden timbers in another place. Straw from the cellars, and other odds and ends of rubbish, are piled in a great heap and burnt.

The people from the little houses nearby watch stolidly while all this is being done. They know that their turn will come soon. After they have been moved into nicer, newer houses, their old homes will be pulled down too. For the whole of this district has been condemned by the city doctor, as it is a "slum" where the houses are so badly arranged and so closely packed together that it is unhealthy for people to live there. The city council has decided to destroy it entirely, and to clean the place thoroughly, before new buildings are put up. Better houses are being built for the people in other parts of the city, and the old houses are being

destroyed as quickly as their inhabitants can be moved.

Each big town has got its slums where the poorest people live, and often those who live in the nicer parts of the town do not know how bad the slums really are. Gradually we have awakened to the terrible state of affairs. The whole nation and every city is determined to get rid of the slums, but it is a very difficult task. For one thing it is no use just pulling down the slums without building better houses in which the people may live. And for another, it is no use building nice houses if the rent is more than poor people can afford to pay.

We should be quite wrong if we thought that slums were a new problem. All through the past, big cities have had their slums, and Rome itself was famous for its great "islands" or blocks of tenements where the poorest citizens lived. But our slums to-day are particularly bad, owing to the sudden growth of our cities a hundred years or more ago. And we feel a new responsibility about them, because of the new ideas which have been steadily growing.

In the first story we saw how when times were changing the new machinery was invented, and big factories grew up. Now, at the same time, there was a sudden increase of population, and more people came to live in the towns and round the new factories. They wanted houses at once and they wanted them cheap. In those days no one thought it the duty of the Government to prevent bad building, and so acres and acres of little houses were built as quickly as possible.

These tiny cottages had often no cellar or proper foundations, and the floor of stone was laid straight on the earth, so that the house was always damp and unhealthy. In many houses there were only two rooms, one above the other, with a narrow staircase, and the front door opening directly from the living room on to the street. The worst sort of houses were those built "back to back"; so that there was no back door or yard, and no ventilation right through. In some towns in the North of England many such bad houses are still standing, and you can easily recognise them, even in good quarters of the town.

Of course, these houses had no water, and it had to be fetched from a pump or outside tap, or even from a dirty stream. Most of these houses had no proper drains, and this meant that the people were often ill. To make things worse, the houses were packed close around each other in narrow courts and alleys, and not on open streets. So the evil smells and heavy air was never blown away by the fresh breezes.

There were other ways, too, in which slums grew up. In some cities, such as Glasgow, instead of the "back-to-back" cottages, tall, well-built sets of flats were erected. But these flats consisted of two or even one room only, for a whole family. And to this day a terrible number of families in Glasgow are still living under these cruel conditions.

Sometimes good parts of a town became slums. As the towns grew bigger the richer people moved further out. Their quarters of the town ceased to be fashionable, and the big houses were let in flats,

or even room by room to whole families. The worst result of this was the "cellar dwellings" in such towns as Manchester and Liverpool, where ill-ventilated underground cellars became the home of several families.

This decay of fashionable quarters of a town is always going on, and you can see it for yourselves to-day, when you notice how big private houses are being converted into flats, or becoming boarding-houses. Perhaps the most interesting change from a fashionable quarter to a bad slum is in Edinburgh. Here, along the "historic mile" from the castle to the palace at Holyrood, still stand what were once the palaces and town houses of the Scottish nobility. But they are very different from what they were on the day when Mary Queen of Scots rode gaily down the street. For now instead of fashionable people, they are crowded with the poorest citizens, and clothes, hung out to dry over the streets, flap in the breeze instead of flags and pennons.

So, before people quite realised what had happened, they found themselves faced by the factory and the slum. It was not long before they began to try to undo the evil which had grown up. We have seen how Owen ran his model factory at New Lanark, and how Shaftesbury persuaded Parliament to make laws to limit the hours of work and to protect the working people. Other people turned to the problem of the slum.

They soon recognised that these slums were the

cause of much of the ill-health of the big cities. Very many of the babies born in such places died young, and even those who grew up were often stunted and sickly. Besides this, the slums were the centre of wickedness and all sorts of evil. Of course, it was the duty of the new police to stop the crime, and though this was difficult, it was a far easier task than to stop the sickness.

Very soon there came a welcome change. The way in which the towns were governed was quite out of date, and now new councils were set up, and the citizens were given the duty of choosing their councillors. The councillors and the citizens were often proud of their cities, and this "civic pride" made them determine to make their city more beautiful and more healthy. They set to work and passed new rules about building. No more "back-to-back" houses could be put up. Every house had to have proper foundations, a good backyard, a street in front and a lane at the back. From time to time these rules were revised, and the streets had to be made wider and the new houses placed further apart.

These rules were good, and prevented new slums from being built, but it was far easier to do this than to abolish the old ones. Still much was done, and Liverpool boasted that she was the first city to close all cellar dwellings. In the same spirit of rivalry Manchester claims to-day that she has got less than forty "back-to-back" houses left. In some towns, and in London especially, where distances are so great, big blocks of good workmen's flats have been built.

These changes, however, only made the slums a little less bad. The cities had no real plan for abolishing them, and generally left the building of new houses to the ordinary builders. But when the Great War came to an end ten years ago there was a change. All through the War, people were too busy to build houses, and after it was over, there were thousands of people who had nowhere to live. So every big town began to build houses, and the Government paid money from the taxes to help them.

You can often see these "corporation building estates" on the edge of the great towns, and you can realise what a change has taken place in our ideals. Instead of the mean courts and narrow alleys, we have open streets and pleasant avenues, and every house has some sort of open space or garden. Yet, there is still one difficulty. These houses often cost more to rent than the poorer people from the slums can afford, and this is a problem which the towns are considering at present.

We have seen how the cities, in friendly rivalry, set themselves to close their cellar dwellings, to improve their slums, and to prevent bad building in future. They did more than this, for a new ideal of a modern city grew up. Wide streets were made with a good paved way and proper sidewalks. Below were laid great sewers, which carried the rain water and all the city's refuse away in safety. Then the streets were lit by night, at first by gas and later by electricity; and along these streets the new police patrolled by day and night.

Another change was in the water supply. As the towns grew, so the old wells and streams dried up, or were soon too foul for use, and the little water-works with their short pipes were no longer sufficient. Town after town went further afield to seek a good supply. Thus Manchester drew its water from the great reservoir of Thirlmere in the Lake District, and is now arranging to make use of Haweswater too. Liverpool went westward, and laid her pipeline from Lake Vrynwy in Wales.

The old labour of drawing water from a well disappeared, and the new water was soon laid on to every house. By turning a tap one could get plenty of good water, either for washing or drinking. Water was abundant, and soon public baths were built. Here the school children could learn to swim, and those who wished could get a bath for a few pence. In the wash-houses, too, the poor housewife could wash the family laundry.

There were other ideas in men's minds. They wanted more than a clean and healthy town, they wanted one which should be beautiful as well. So the councils began to open parks and gardens. Some were old gardens full of green lawns and old-world flowers, which were kept as open spaces as the city grew; and others were great fields preserved as playgrounds for the children. It was almost impossible to get open spaces in the central parts of the newer cities, but further out we often find a ring of parks.

Then, too, there were new public buildings for the citizens: galleries full of fine pictures, museums for things of interest and beauty, libraries full of

books, and halls for public meetings. Some cities do even more, and arrange for bands and concerts, to give their citizens pleasure and amusement.

So the cities have grown and changed during the last century, and if the people who knew them a hundred years ago could come back, they would scarcely recognise them to-day. In spite of all this change for the better, we can hardly call these cities beautiful, for most of them have a heavy pall of smoke hanging over them and shutting out the sun. Yet even this is changing, for new ways are found by which the smoke itself can be consumed. Great schemes are also afoot for making more use of electricity throughout the country, instead of coal furnaces with their smoky chimneys.

With all these changes and improvements, the city councils were faced with one great difficulty, which is still unsolved. The great towns were there, with the big populations and the evil slums. The councils could not just pull down the slums and start again. That would cost so much money that it was felt to be impossible. Often the whole town had grown without any plan, gawky and lopsided, with narrow streets and a jumble of buildings great and mean, side by side. It was only gradually that streets could be widened, corners cut off, and open spaces arranged.

Every one must have heard of Sunlight Soap and Bournville Cocoa, but few have actually seen the wonderful villages where they are made. Lever at Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, and the Cadburys at Bournville, near Birmingham, have built model villages of which Owen might have dreamed when

he began to inspect his factory people's cottages at New Lanark. In both these villages there are well-built and attractive cottages and houses, with public gardens and open spaces, halls, and museums.

Here we have an example of what can be done in a new way. The two villages were built by the employers, so that their workpeople might live among pleasant surroundings near their work. Of course, other people could not live in them, but they were a sign of the times. They showed the change in ideals from the harshness of the early factory owners and the squalor of the evil houses to the newer idea of the responsibility of the great employer. They were important too, because they showed what could be done by the careful planning of a whole area before any houses were built at all.

The great difference between English towns and towns in America and on the Continent is in the lack of plan in our cities. Often the Continental cities have been laid out anew by some king or ruler, and many of them have a band of pleasant gardens all round the centre of the town. These gardens represent the old fortifications, which have only recently been pulled down. But in England, where we have had no war for centuries, the old fortifications disappeared long ago, and were completely built over.

Nowadays, many of the English towns are trying hard to remedy this lack of planning. In some cases the schemes for pulling down the slums are giving the cities a new chance, and where they can afford it they are making new squares and open boulevards. Better still, each town and district is looking

to the future. Special town-planning committees are considering the best way in which the town and the surrounding district shall develop. So we may feel secure that the blunders of the past shall never be repeated.

It is so easy to make a mistake and so difficult to get back on the right road. Such names as Comely Bank and Angel Meadow, Barley Fields and Primrose Lane, remind us of the time before the town engulfed these pleasant places, and turned many of them into slums. Yet we are steadily winning back what has been lost. The new ideal of the city beautiful we owe to a little-known host of city fathers and generous citizens. It is an ideal which every town can achieve, but only with the help of each man and woman, boy and girl, who lives within its bounds.

[Municipal Reform Act, 1835, made new and better councils to govern the towns.]

CHAPTER XVII

Books for All

NOWADAYS every child can read, and everybody, young and old, who lives in a town of any size can go to the library and borrow a book to take home to read, without having to pay for it. This is so simple to most of us that we often forget how different things are to-day from what they were even a short time ago. We have read the story of Bell and Lancaster, and how they started the early schools in which boys and girls could learn how to read. Now we shall see how the libraries grew up. For it is no use being able to read if one has not got the books.

A good library to-day is a busy and often a crowded place, with its reading room stocked with newspapers and magazines, where people come to see the news, to study the advertisements, or to pass an idle hour over a magazine. In the lending department, others change the books they have borrowed for new ones, helped by the catalogues, or go in amongst the shelves to look at the books themselves. These "open access" libraries are the best, for people can dip into a book, and see whether it will interest them before they take it out. In many places there are special children's sections, and there the boys and girls cluster around the shelves which contain their own favourite books of story and adventure.

So it is to-day, but there was nothing like that a hundred years ago. There were some libraries, it is true, such as those of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the British Museum, but these could only be used by scholars and learned folk. There were others, too, of a very different sort. In several towns the workmen had founded clubs, and got together small collections of books. They often subscribed a few pence to buy them, and then the books went the round from hand to hand, and soon became thumbred and dirty.

The richer people, too, had a few lending libraries in the fashionable towns, but there was only one really free library in England, and that had been founded in Manchester. For a certain Humphrey Chetham, who died during Cromwell's time, had left all his books and a sum of money to found a free library for the people. And there it is to this day.

At last some of the leading men in Parliament determined to do something in the matter. First of all they appointed a committee to find out what was the actual state of affairs, and to suggest what should be done. Nearly eighty years ago this committee met, and it soon found out how behindhand England was in this matter of libraries. London was particularly bad, and just those places which had needed the new police so badly were found to be the worst off for books. It seemed as if crime and ignorance went hand in hand. The committee reported "that a kind of literary darkness seems to prevail over the vast extent of the newly-formed portions of the metropolis."

It was not only London which was in darkness. One of the witnesses surprised the committee by giving them a map of Europe which showed in colour the number of books each country possessed, per head of its population. People were amazed to find that England and Holland were shown dead black—they were the worst countries in Europe; even a backward country like Russia had more books than England.

These inquiries of the committee shocked Parliament so much that it was decided to make a new law allowing the city councils to build libraries, if they wished, from the public money. You will remember that it was just about this time that citizens were beginning to take an interest in their cities, and to try and do away with the bad conditions of the past. This plan to found libraries was one of the ways in which the city beautiful was to be brought about.

It seems hard to believe to-day that anyone could have objected to this new plan for city libraries which should be free to everyone. Some people did object none the less. One of these was a certain Colonel Sibthorpe, who said in Parliament that "he did not like reading at all, and he hated it at Oxford." And so, of course, no one was to have public libraries! Later, the poor colonel was so indignant at what was being done that he declared in irony that "they would be thinking of supplying the working classes with quoits, peg-tops, and footballs."

The truth of the matter was that such people did not believe in education. They thought that if the

“lower orders” were not able to read and write, they would know little, and so be less liable to give trouble. They did not want them to have books to read, lectures which they might attend, or places where they might meet and talk matters over together. Fortunately, only a few people were so narrow-minded as this, and the new law was safely passed.

At once the big cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and others, began to build their libraries, and gradually the smaller towns followed suit. At first the councils were not allowed to buy books, only to build the library, and so they had to depend on gifts of books for their shelves. And very strange books they got too, at times. Soon a further law was passed which allowed the councils to buy books for their libraries, and even newspapers too. This new rule gave a chance for another outburst to an indignant old gentleman who feared the libraries would become “mere newspaper reading rooms and sedition clubs.”

In this way city libraries were slowly growing up in the chief towns, and people were coming more and more to use them, at first by reading the books and papers in the news-room and reference library. Later, a new plan was adopted by which the reader could borrow his book for a short time, and take it home to read in peace. So far the making of the libraries was the work of the citizens in the various towns, with their city councils, but now a great change was brought about by one man. This man was a Scot, whose name is familiar to every one to-day, Andrew Carnegie.

It was in a tiny cottage in the town of Dunfermline in Scotland that "Andra" Carnegie was born. For his father was a weaver, and very poor at the time. Andra was only twelve when he went away with his parents and his younger brother to America, but he loved Dunfermline very dearly. Its old abbey, the beautiful Pittencrief Glen, which he later presented to the town as a public park, and the narrow streets of the town were all full of happy memories. When he became a rich man, nothing pleased him more than to make the people of Dunfermline happy.

When this little family went to America, some eighty years ago, they settled near Pittsburg, in the "Middle West." In those days the railways were just spreading throughout America, and the towns were growing at an amazing rate. Andra soon began to earn his living, first as a messenger boy for the new telegraph company and then, when he learnt to send messages, as a telegraph operator. Soon his chance came, and he went to help one of the officials on the new railway. He was now seventeen and he quickly showed his ability. One day, when his chief was out, an accident occurred on the line. Though only a junior clerk, Andra took the responsibility of giving orders and starting all the trains again in his master's name. He was well known on the line as "Mr. Scott's Andra," and he was soon made a superintendent.

So far the story of Andrew Carnegie is only the tale of a bright boy who got on well at his job. Now he took the step which was to make him one of the richest men in the world. The new railways



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The photograph was taken at Carnegie's Scottish home, Skibo Castle where he lived in later life.

needed metal rails, and Carnegie with some friends began to manufacture them. He next formed another firm to make bridges. All over the country there were rivers and gorges which had to be crossed by the railway. Here was a great chance for business, and Carnegie's bridges were always well made and stood firm. Since they were made of iron they could not burn, and they never collapsed.

Carnegie gave up his post on the railway and devoted himself to his new schemes. He began to smelt the metal he needed, instead of buying it. Soon he had some of the biggest furnaces for making iron and steel in the United States. Then he went further, and took over the quarries from which the ironstone was dug, and then he got the coal mines too.

In those days trade was booming, and Carnegie soon became very wealthy. The "little white-haired Scottish devil," who had left Dunfermline with his family to seek his fortune in America, was now one of the richest men in the world. But great wealth always seemed to Carnegie a responsibility, and he tells us how he planned to distribute what he had gained.

This part of the story is perhaps the most interesting. Many men have become very rich, but few, if any others, have devoted themselves to giving away their wealth. Yet this was what Carnegie did. He retired entirely from business that he might give all his attention to his new work. And this new work kept him busy for the rest of his life.

It is not possible here to give even a list of the things he did with his money. Pensions and welfare

funds for his workpeople, and for his old friends on the railway. A great institute, with library, museum, and art gallery, for his town of Pittsburg. A "hero fund" for different countries, to help the dependants of those who suffered or lost their lives doing noble deeds. A Peace Palace, built at The Hague in Holland, to house the new international court of justice. And in Scotland, a scheme by which any young Scottish boy or girl of promise who desired to go to the University, could have his fees paid by the Carnegie Fund.

These are only some of the ways in which Carnegie tried to make his wealth a blessing to the people of the world. But for us his work in making libraries is the most important. When he was still a young boy without any money to buy books, a certain Colonel Anderson lent his books freely to the working lads, and Carnegie made good use of this opportunity. Later, he founded a free library in Alleghany City, and dedicated it to Anderson, with this inscription:—

"He opened his library to working boys, and upon Saturday afternoons acted as librarian, thus dedicating not only his books, but himself to the noble work. This monument is erected in grateful remembrance by Andrew Carnegie, one of the 'working boys' to whom were thus opened the precious treasures of knowledge and imagination through which youth may ascend."

Carnegie was always proud that his father was one of five poor weavers who founded the first circulating library, of a few dozen books, in

Dunfermline. "The history of that library was interesting," writes Carnegie. "It grew, and was removed no less than seven times from place to place, the first move being made by the founders, who carried the books in their aprons and two coal scuttles, from the hand-loom shop to the second resting-place." To Carnegie, then, "the true University of these days is a collection of books." And so he was always ready to give money for founding libraries. One of the first which he established was in Dunfermline, and then he began helping any city, whether in Britain or the United States, which would maintain a library.

In little more than sixteen years he had given money for founding and equipping close on three hundred libraries. By his help there grew up libraries in every town of any size in Britain, and in many there were set up branch libraries in the different suburbs, and people who lived far away from the centre of the town could get their books close at hand.

At last Carnegie determined to arrange that the good work should go on, even after his death. So some twenty years ago he founded his Trust for the United Kingdom. Its aim was the "improvement of the well-being of the masses of the people of Great Britain and Ireland," and Carnegie explained that he wished it to devote special attention to libraries.

So far only the towns had benefited by Carnegie's library schemes. Now his Trust, from its home in his old town of Dunfermline, decided to do something for the people who lived in the hamlets and the

country villages. With the help of Carnegie's money the county councils were encouraged to try the experiment of a circulating library. Books were collected at the county town, and sent out in boxes from time to time to the different villages. There, from the institute or the country school, the villagers could borrow their books. Some counties tried another plan, and arranged for motor vans to be fitted up with book-shelves. As these vans went from village to village, the people could come to this travelling library and choose their own books. It is not much more than ten years since the scheme began to work, but now practically every county has its rural library.

Andrew Carnegie, old in years but young in spirit, was living in Scotland when the Great War broke out, and the tragedy overwhelmed him. He was a Scot who had become an American citizen. He believed in the friendship of nations, and in the wickedness and absurdity of war, and he had spent his time and money to help the peoples of the world. Now he felt discouraged and worn out, old age fell upon him, and soon afterwards he died.

Of all the great things which Carnegie tried to do, the best was his gift of the libraries. No one can tell what books may mean to boys and girls, to men and women, who are able through them to gain knowledge and understanding. In this, at least, we may recognise Andrew Carnegie as one of the benefactors of the human race.

[Andrew Carnegie, 1835-1919; went to U.S.A., 1848.
Public Libraries Act, 1850.]

CHAPTER XVIII

The Brotherhood of Man

SO far all the stories in this book have told of human progress. We have seen in what different ways men have become kinder to each other. How slavery has been abolished, and how deliberate cruelty has disappeared from prison, mine, and factory. How people have been able to lead the better life, with school and hospital, with nicer houses, and towns more wisely planned. How they can move about more freely and more safely by road and rail, send letters to each other, and know more of the world and of themselves by studying books.

Yet with all these changes and improvements of the last two hundred years, there is one evil which to many people has seemed to be getting steadily worse. And that is the evil of war. This our last story will tell how men have tried, and are trying to-day, to do away with war altogether.

If we had been telling the story of nations in this book instead of the story of life in England, there would have been many tales of war. For during a great deal of the time covered by our stories, countries were at war, and there was hardly a year when some nation was not fighting another. The greatest war of the whole period, until quite recent times, was the struggle against the Emperor Napoleon in France, carried on by England and the other nations

of Europe. This lasted nearly a quarter of a century.

Of course, in the story of wars we should have found fine tales of brave men who did noble deeds, and gave their lives for their country. This it is which gives such a thrill to these parts of history. Every one knows the story of such famous heroes as Nelson, who died of wounds in the midst of battle aboard his ship the *Victory*, or of Wellington, the great general who drove the Napoleonic armies out of Spain. Then there are the tales of bravery and endurance in the Indian Mutiny—the march of Havelock to the relief of Lucknow, and the joy which was brought to the poor people shut up in that city when they heard the skirl of the pipes.

Such stories are legion, and they always have a strong appeal. They stir our hearts and bring a lump into our throats. We should do well to remind ourselves, however, that every nation has such stories, and the children of each country have their favourite heroes. This is as it should be, for every great occasion calls forth the man, and in every war there is bravery and self-sacrifice on both sides.

We remember the great deeds and are proud of them. The tales are told again and again until they become almost legends. But there is another side to the story which is generally forgotten, though it is right that we should remember it too. This is the misery and horror which war always brings about. There are the terrible hardships endured by the soldiers, the pain and suffering from wounds and disease, and the death which often follows. At home the anxious women wait for news, and

thousands of widows and orphaned children remember the war to their cost. The civilians suffer too, from shortage of food, high prices, and other evils.

But worst of all there is the terrible and useless waste of good things. The waste of young life cruelly cut off, the waste of money and energy devoted to destruction. Then there is the great load of debt which is left for future generations to pay; and the high taxes and high prices which follow. To all this we must add the evil passions and the suspicion and hatred which are encouraged by war, and which take so long to die out.

Now this is a dark picture indeed. Yet it is right that we should look on it, and recognise it as the other side to the picture of heroism and self-sacrifice which is our usual memory of war. It is too easy as time slips by to forget the unpleasant side, and a false glamour grows around the wars of the past.

For a long time there have been people in every country who have recognised this, and for many years they have sought some way in which war could be prevented for the future. One scheme after another has been tried, and failed. In time of peace each nation felt the need of working with its neighbours in many ways. Meetings of different sorts were held, and agreements signed. Countries had to help each other in all sorts of matters—in posts and telegraphs and telephones, in the prevention of crime, and in the sharing of knowledge. Eventually a court was set up to try to settle disputes between different countries. Many of the nations

agreed to settle their quarrels by arbitration instead of by fighting.

Every one saw these different agreements, but few people really trusted them. Each nation felt it must be ready to protect itself, and each built up a still bigger army, until Europe seemed to be an "armed camp," with soldiers simply waiting to fly at each other's throats. Here England was in a different position, for we were in an island and so depended on our navy. Our army was small, but our navy was the biggest in the world and became stronger than ever.

So it came about that some twenty years ago the nations were spending more money than ever on armies, and yet were feverishly anxious to make treaties of arbitration. And every one was nervous. It was just as if the world was suffering from hysteria. Then, as many people had feared and expected, war broke out as if by accident, and within a few days almost every great Power in Europe was at war with its neighbour. At last, practically the whole world was fighting, and even those countries which managed to remain neutral were greatly affected by war conditions.

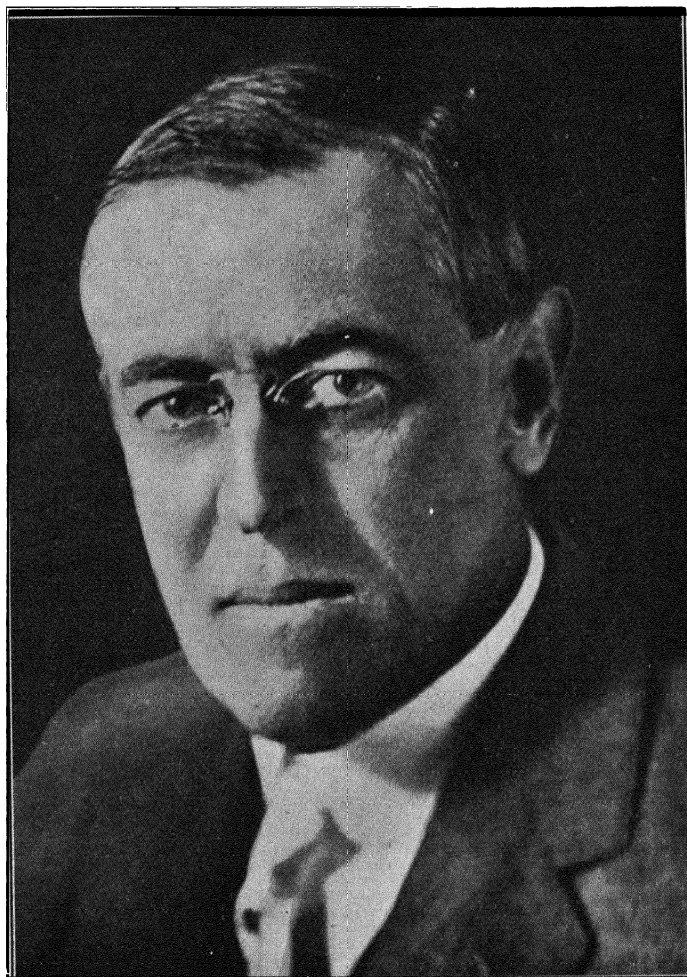
We cannot tell here the story of the Great War, or how at last the Allies wore down the German resistance, until England and her friends were victorious. Nor can we describe its terrors. The poison gas, the bombing of cities from the air, the sinking of merchant ships at sea by submarines, and the slow starvation of whole populations by the pressure of blockade. But we must understand that it was these horrors, far worse and more extensive

than in any previous war, which made men in every country say, "Never again."

Now this was a very easy thing to say, but it was far more difficult to carry out. When peace came to be made, men set themselves as never before to make sure that it should be permanent. They had two aims. They wanted to prevent the world from building up great armaments, for they saw that such forces only made each country more suspicious of its neighbours, and they determined to arrange some better and juster way in which nations could settle their quarrels than by brute force of arms.

In this great attempt we owe much to President Wilson of the United States. The American people choose their President every four years by their votes, and at various times men of very different natures, and from different walks of life, have been elected. Washington, their great soldier-statesman, was the first President. Later, there came Abraham Lincoln, the poor lad whose progress "from log cabin to White House" became a legend. Later still there was the bluff sportsman, Theodore Roosevelt, whose open-air life appealed so much to the English people. Then in our own time came Woodrow Wilson, the University professor.

A glance at Wilson's face shows him as the bookman and the thinker rather than the statesman and man of action. Yet this great idealist, devoted to the idea of world peace, was destined to lead his country into the thick of the Great War. At first he did all he could to avoid it. From Washington's days



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

onwards the United States' policy had been to avoid "entangling alliances," and to keep itself clear from European quarrels.

At first Wilson tried to hold the balance even, and from time to time protested to the fighting Powers. This almost became a joke, and *Punch* published a cartoon, "President Wilson writes another Note." At last he had to take the plunge, and America joined the Allies. But from the first Wilson let it be understood that the United States wanted something more than the mere defeat of the enemy.

When peace drew near he published his "Fourteen Points," or principles, on which a just peace should be made. In one of them he laid down the need for some permanent association of the nations which should prevent war in the future.

From this idea the League of Nations grew. The story of the making of the peace is long and complicated, and does not come into this tale. Wilson soon found that it was quite impossible to get all his high-sounding ideas accepted, but he stuck to his plan for a League through thick and thin.

In two ways Wilson made the League of Nations what it is. He and his friend agreed with our own countrymen in drafting the general plan for a League so widely that there was ample room for development afterwards. The French, who always think very clearly and logically, wanted to define everything in careful words. This would probably have led to difficulties, and they were persuaded to accept the other plan.

Next, Wilson wanted above all things to make

sure that the Covenant, or Constitution, of the League was part of the peace treaty itself. Many people thought at the time that this was wrong. They felt it would be better to make peace first, and to give more time to thinking out the details of the League. But Wilson was adamant, and he got his way. To-day, most people feel that he was right. For if all the difficult questions of the League had been left over, they might never have been settled at all.

As it was, the work was done in the heat of the moment, when people were fresh from the horrors of war. The League actually sprang into being, and it has been developing ever since.

We should be wrong if we thought that Wilson alone made the League. In all the big countries, plans were being discussed, and especially in France and England. In our own country a committee had drawn up a plan which helped the statesmen greatly when the Covenant was drafted. Many of our countrymen helped in different ways, but two names we remember especially. The one is General Smuts, the South African soldier-statesman, who had studied law at Cambridge, and helped Wilson at Paris when the League was being discussed. The other is Lord Cecil, who has since devoted his life to the work of making the League understood in this country.

Thus the foundations were laid down. A Covenant, or written Constitution, set up a League or Society of Nations, with a council of statesmen from the chief nations, who meet four times a year. Then yearly, at Geneva, there meets the Assembly, a sort of Parliament, with representatives from every

nation which is a member of the League. Here matters of every sort are discussed, and after each speaker sits down, up jumps the official interpreter to translate his speech into English, French and German. A slow business indeed, but a strange sign of the times to see delegates from most of the nations of the world meeting together in regular session.

It is only most of the nations, however, and not all. For Russia, where a sudden revolution had upset the old Government, is still outside, and so is the United States. It was the tragedy of Wilson's life that he could not persuade his people to overcome their old plan of standing apart from Europe. He was not re-elected President and soon afterwards he died. And the United States still remains outside the League, though in many ways she is more than willing to help the other nations.

Meanwhile, every year the League is doing good work. In our own country during the last century, men have gradually learnt more of the way in which their fellow-citizens live. As their knowledge has grown greater, so has their sympathy and their desire to help. We have seen with what results. In the same spirit committees of the League are at work on all sorts of matters of general interest to all countries of the world—matters connected with health, education, industry and scientific knowledge. So the co-operation of which Robert Owen dreamed is being applied to international affairs, and we may hope that the knowledge which each nation gains of the other will make for the progress of mankind.

There is another side to the League which we

must remember. All nations who join the League sign the Covenant, and pledge themselves not to go to war with League members until special steps have been taken to settle the dispute by other means, and have failed. And so we see to-day an actual League of Nations working steadily through many disappointments to arrange for the nations to disarm, and to settle their quarrels in friendly fashion. There are many who feel that no "scrap of paper" can prevent war. If real quarrels arise between great Powers, war, they say, is inevitable. There are others who argue that the practice of war between nations will give way to settlement by arbitration or by law, just as the duel or the blood feud between private persons has itself disappeared. We cannot prophesy, but we can only watch Geneva, where the greatest experiment which mankind has ever made is on its trial.

[Woodrow Wilson, 1856-1924. League of Nations established
1919.]

EPILOGUE

SOME two thousand years ago, in the hilly country of distant Palestine, there lived a seer whose very name we do not know. This man thought deeply of many things, and one day there came to him a vision, sent by God. He saw, as it were in a great procession, the endless stream of mankind, stretching from the distant past forward to his own day. Here and there among the countless host he recognised some man or woman who had aided the progress of their race by a great discovery or invention, by a noble life or a willing self-sacrifice. Fired by this vision, the seer was inspired to write one of the noblest songs of man. The seer has long since gone to his rest, but his song remains for ever. This is the song he sang :—

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His
great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for
their power, giving counsel by their understanding,
and declaring prophecies ;

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their know-
ledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent
in their instructions ;

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing ;
Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their
habitations ;

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the
glory of their times.

There be some of them that have left a name behind them,
that their praises might be reported.

And some there be which have no memorial ; who are
perished as though they had never been ; and are become
as though they had never been born ; and their
children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not
been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance,
and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be
blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for
evermore.

